

PDC

CRIME

No. 44

10¢

DOES NOT PAY

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER • CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

**ALL
TRUE**
CRIME
STORIES

**2 MORE REASONS WHY
THIS IS THE BEST YET!**

**FULL 68 PAGES WITH A SIXTEEN-PAGE
SURPRISE !!**

MEET THE MURDERESS-40 VICTIMS!
MEET THE MOST SHOT-AT GANGSTER!
MEET THE BLUDGEON KILLER!

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CRIME DOES NOT PAY

The TRUE STORY OF **"LEGS" DIAMOND**

HO, HO, HO,
HA, HA, HA,
HA, HA!

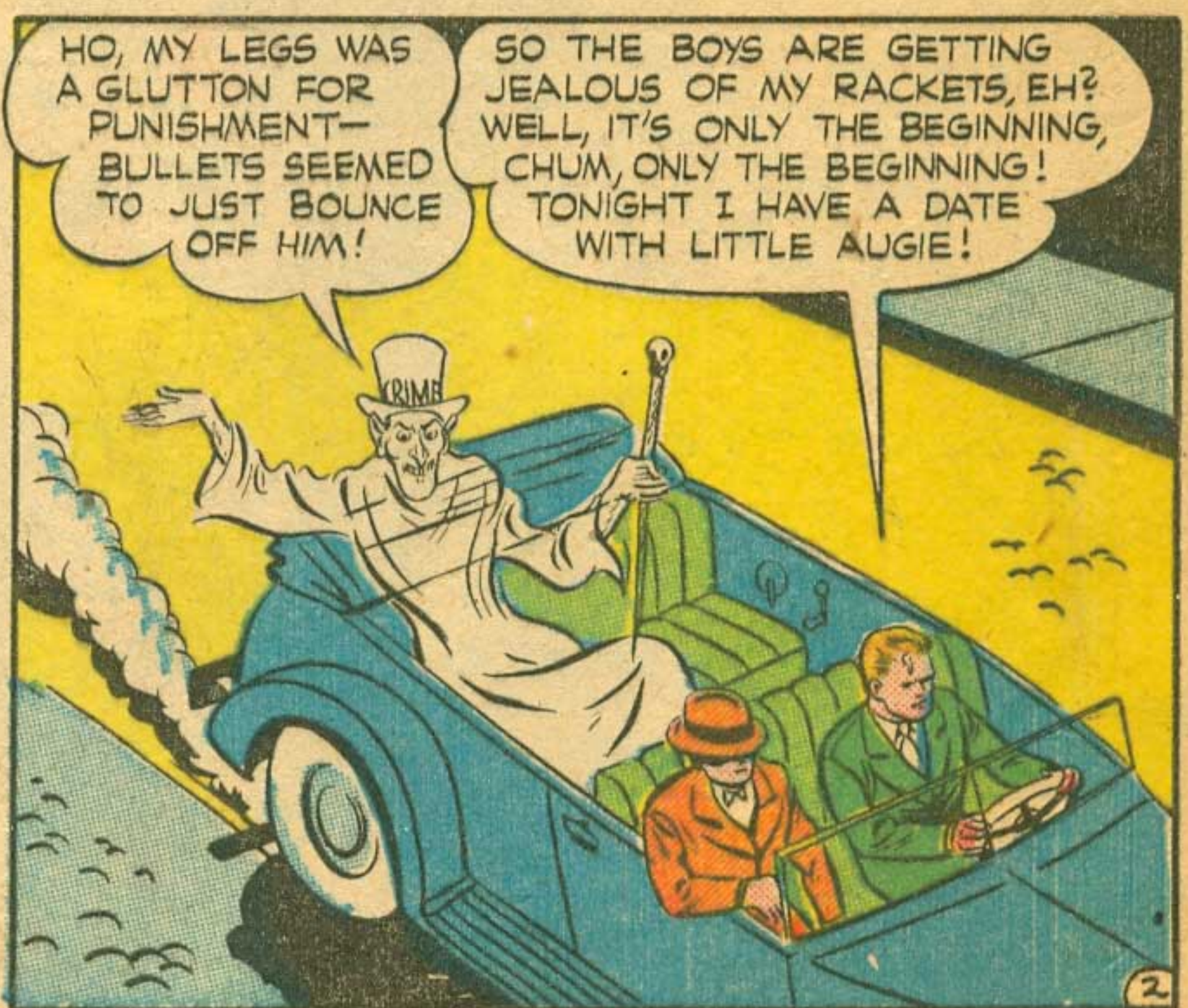
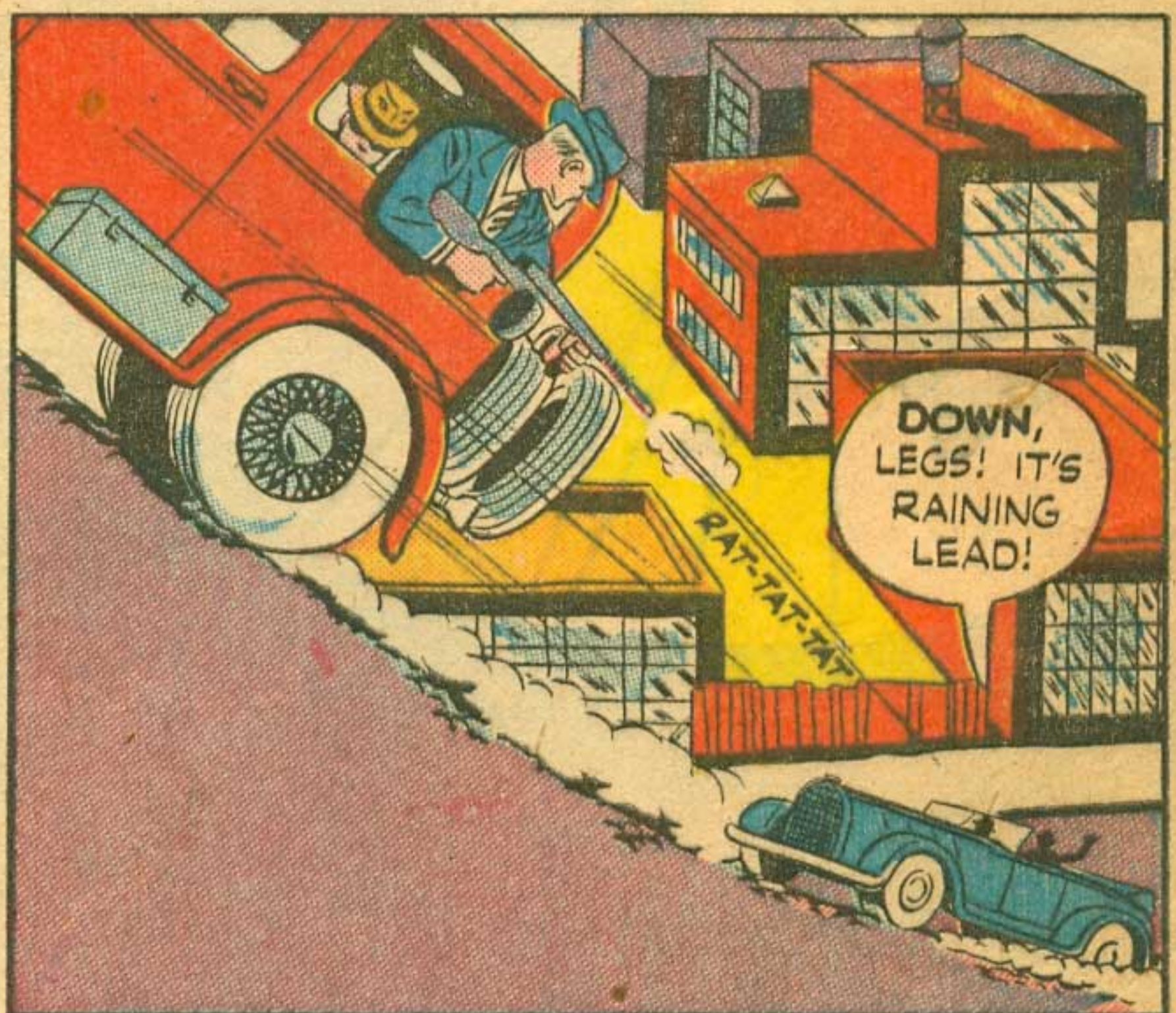
HO, FOLKS, MY LEGS DIAMOND
WAS NO PIKER IN CRIME AS YOU
CAN SEE! HIS WAS A CHARMED
LIFE THAT BAFFLED THE BARONS
OF MURDER! A LIFE THAT BURNED
FIERCELY AND CAUSED UNTOLD
MISERY TO OTHERS BEFORE LEGS'
CANDLE OF CRIME BURNED OUT!
I, MISTER CRIME, WILL LEAD YOU
ON A DEATH-SEEING TOUR THAT
WILL CHILL THE HEARTS OF
EVEN A HARDENED
CRIMINAL!

- 
- 1) MURDER -
 - 2) SUSPECTED
ROBBERY -
 - 3) NARCOTIC
SMUGGLING -
 - 4) LIQUOR GANG
LEADER -
 - 5) LABOR
TERRORIZER -
 - 6) VAGRANT -
 - 7) SMALL TIME
CHISELER -

IN CONSIDERATION OF INNOCENT
PEOPLE INVOLVED AND RELATIVES
OF OTHERS, THE NAMES OF SOME
CHARACTERS DEPICTED IN THIS
TRUE MAGAZINE ARE FICTICIOUS.
The editors

ART BY
BOB O.
SIEGE

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

LITTLE AUGIE...MOBSTER SUPREME, LITTLE KING OF THE UNDERWORLD!

YEAH, LEGS, I HEARD LOTS ABOUT YOU! I NEED A GOOD BODY-GUARD—HOW ABOUT IT?

I DON'T WORK FOR PEANUTS, AUGIE! WHAT'S THE PROPOSITION?



THEY TOLD ME YOU WERE A SMART KID! I'LL GIVE YA THREE C'S A WEEK!

YOU'RE IN, AUGIE! BUT YOUR CARCASS IS WORTH MORE THAN THAT, ISN'T IT?

HA, HA! OKAY, LEGS, FIVE HUNDRED IT IS!



HO, FOLKS! LEGS WAS REALLY IN HIS GLORY NOW, GUARDING ONE OF GANGDOM'S BIGGEST CHARACTERS! BUT FATE WAS TO STEP IN SOON, FOR SHORTLY AFTERWARDS...



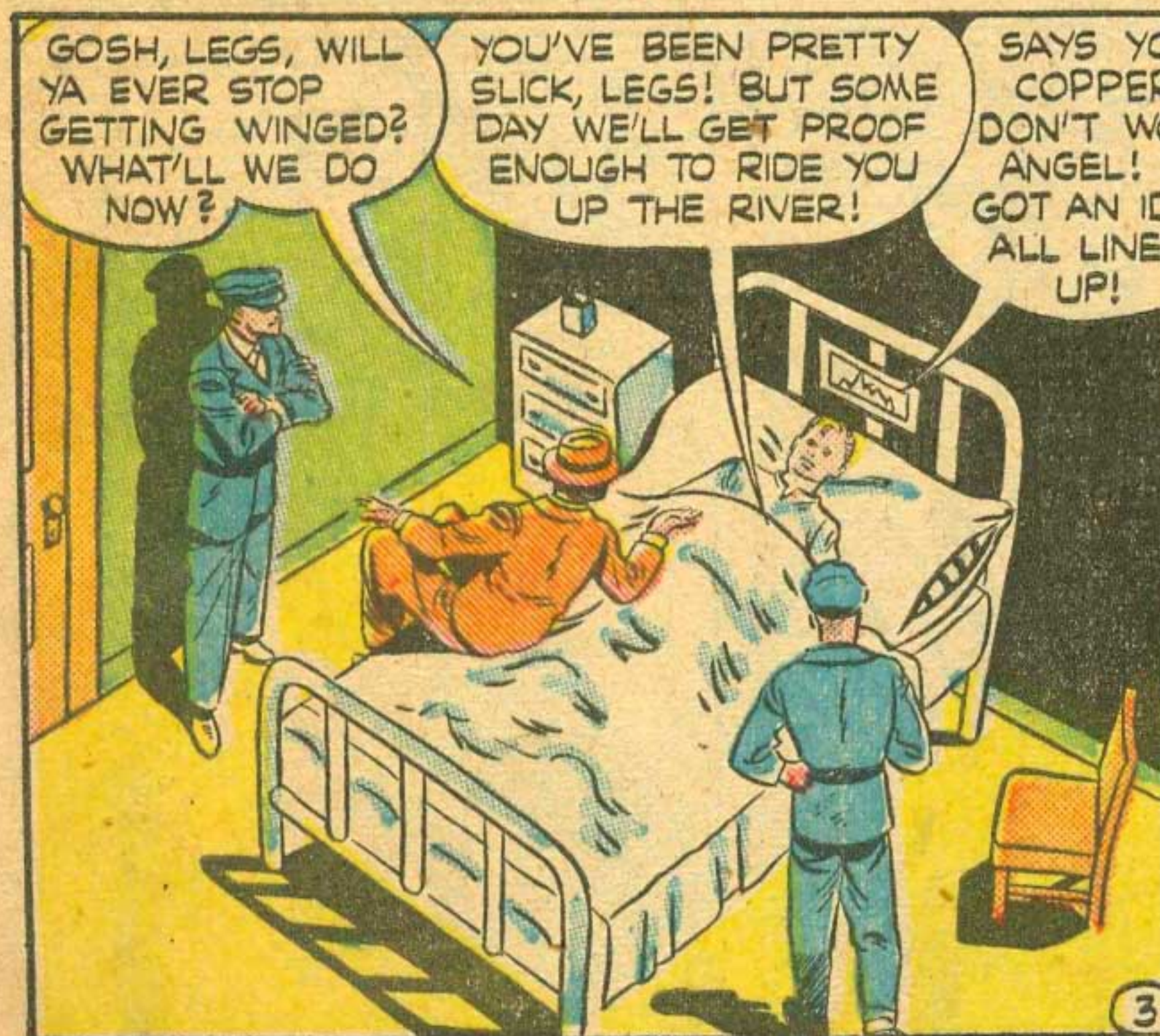
LEGS! LEGS! ARRGH!

DUCK, AUGIE!



HE'S DEAD! I'M SORRY, AUGIE! THEY JUMPED US!

BANG! BANG!



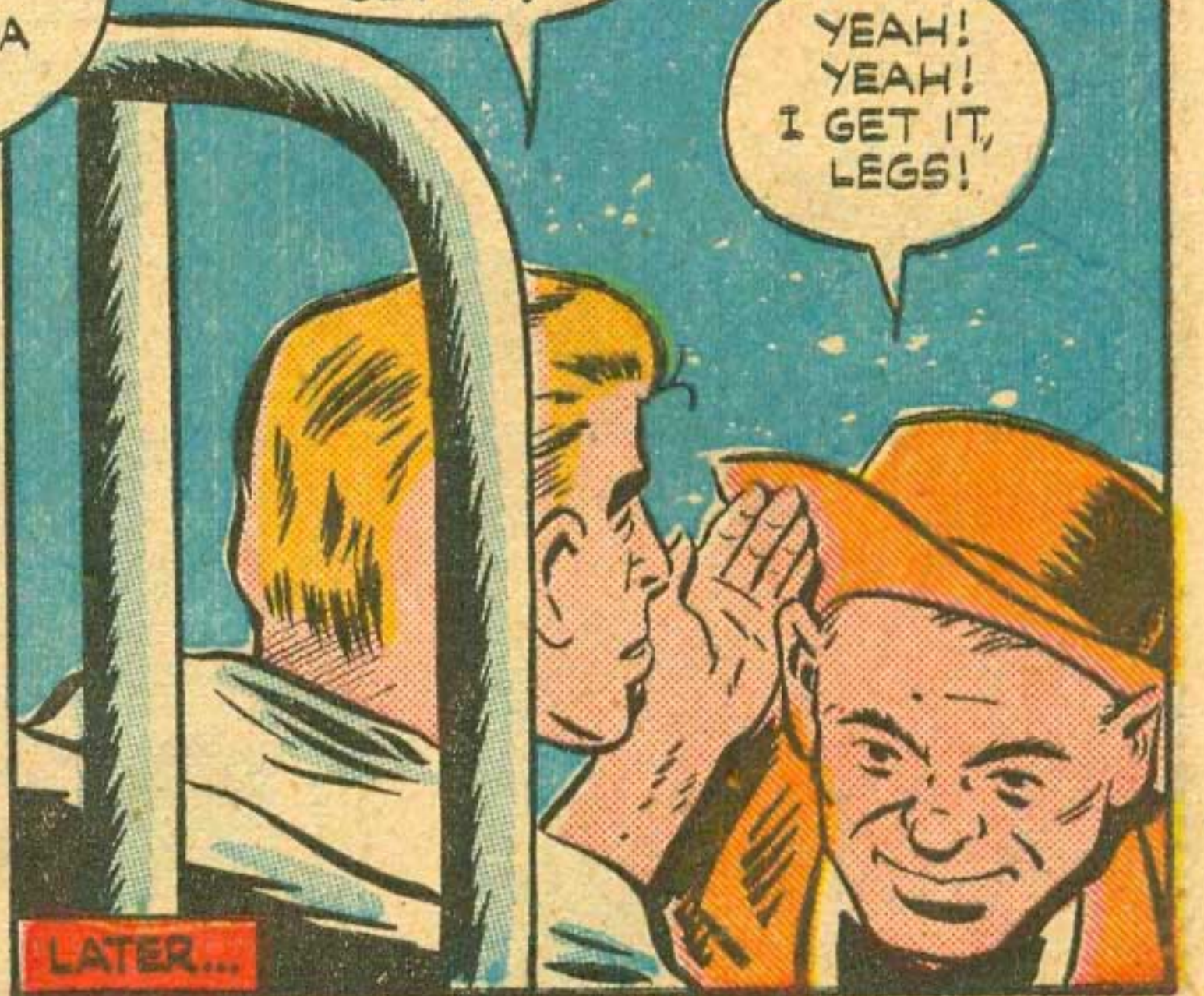
GOSH, LEGS, WILL YA EVER STOP GETTING WINGED? WHAT'LL WE DO NOW?

YOU'VE BEEN PRETTY SLICK, LEGS! BUT SOME DAY WE'LL GET PROOF ENOUGH TO RIDE YOU UP THE RIVER!

SAYS YOU, COPPER! DON'T WORRY, ANGEL! I GOT AN IDEA ALL LINED UP!

WE'RE GOIN' INTO BUSINESS FOR OURSELVES, KID! LABOR BUSTIN'—GET IT?

YEAH! YEAH! I GET IT, LEGS!



LATER...

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

"SHORTLY AFTER MY BEST PUPIL WAS RELEASED FROM THE HOSPITAL, HE WENT INTO ACTION!"

NOW HERE'S THE SET-UP! FIRE AT A FEW OF THE WORKERS AND GIVE 'EM A SCARE! THEN THEY WON'T BOTHER THE BIG SHOTS ABOUT MORE DOUGH! THE BOSSES PAY US HEAVY FOR THE WORK, OF COURSE!

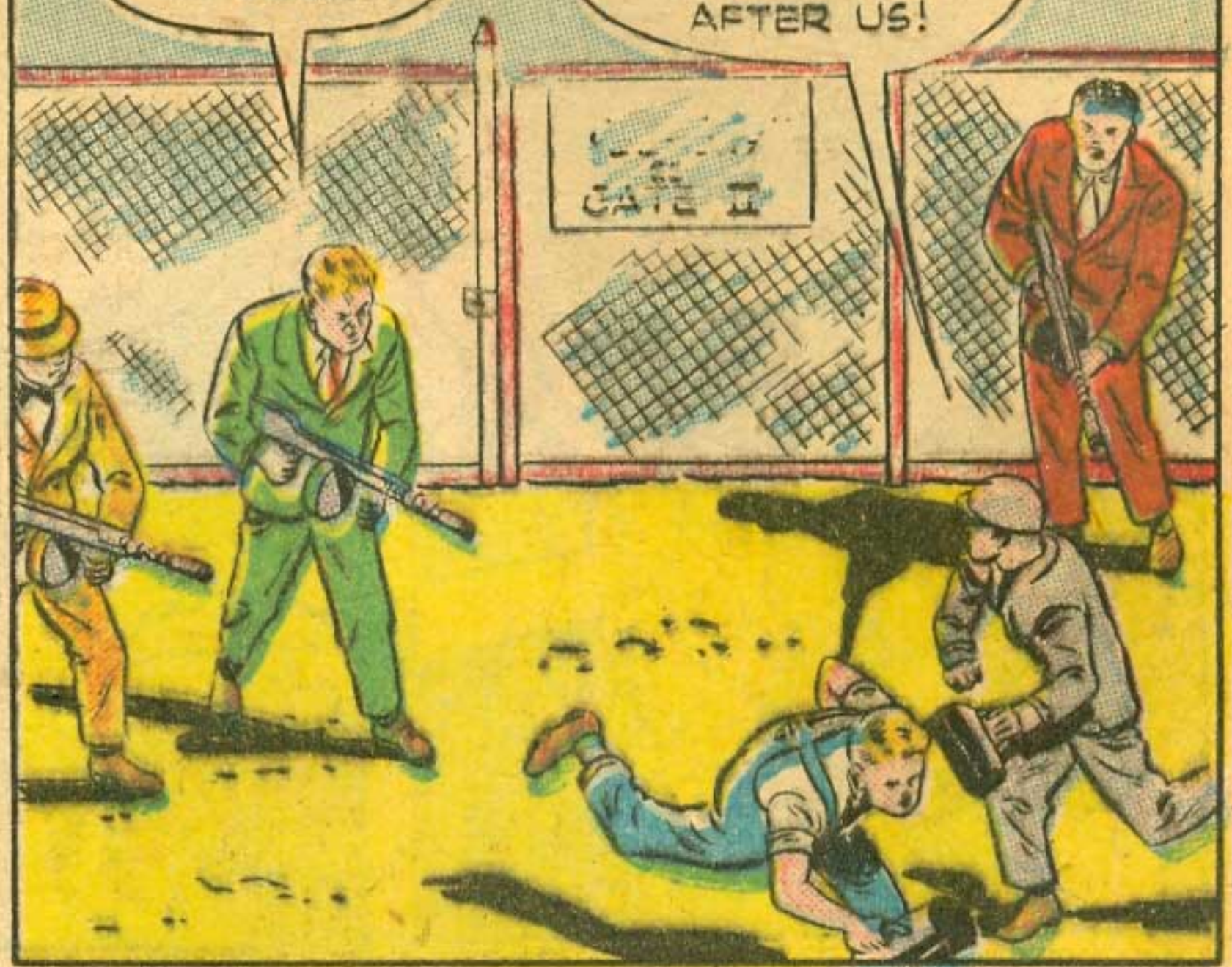
SOFT STUFF!

YOU NAME IT, KID! WE'RE WITH YOU!



GET BACK! GET BACK, YA LUGS!

GANGSTERS! THEY'VE GOT GANGSTERS AFTER US!



"THEN CAME THE DEATH OF THE NIGHT WATCHMAN! HEH, HEH, IT PUT A CRIMP IN LEGS' STYLE!"

YOU IDIOT! THERE WAS NO NEED TO BUMP HIM OFF! NOW YOU'VE SET OFF A POWDER KEG!

B...BUT I THOUGHT HE WAS REACHING FOR A GUN!



YOUR CASE HAS BEEN DISMISSED BECAUSE OF INSUFFICIENT EVIDENCE, DIAMOND! BUT I WARN YOU, YOUR SINS ARE GOING TO CATCH UP WITH YOU!

THANKS FOR THE ADVICE! I'LL TELL YOU WHEN I NEED SOME MORE OF IT!



WELL, YOUSE IS IN THE SOUP AGAIN, LEGS! NO SENSE TRYIN' TA GET BACK IN THAT RACKET! DA COPS'LL BE ALL OVER YA!

FOR ONCE YOU ARE RIGHT, ANGEL, M' LAD! NO, WE'RE NOT GOING BACK INTO THAT RACKET! BUT WE'RE MOVING ONE STEP UP THE LADDER! WATCH!

"HO, MY LEGS WASN'T JOKING! FOR SEVERAL DAYS LATER, ROTHSTEIN, GANGDOM'S BIGGEST BOSS CALLED UP!"

YEAH, LEGS! I HEARD YA DID A GOOD JOB WITH AUGIE, EVEN IF HE DID FINALLY GET HIS! YA GOT GUTS AND I NEED GUYS WITH GUTS!

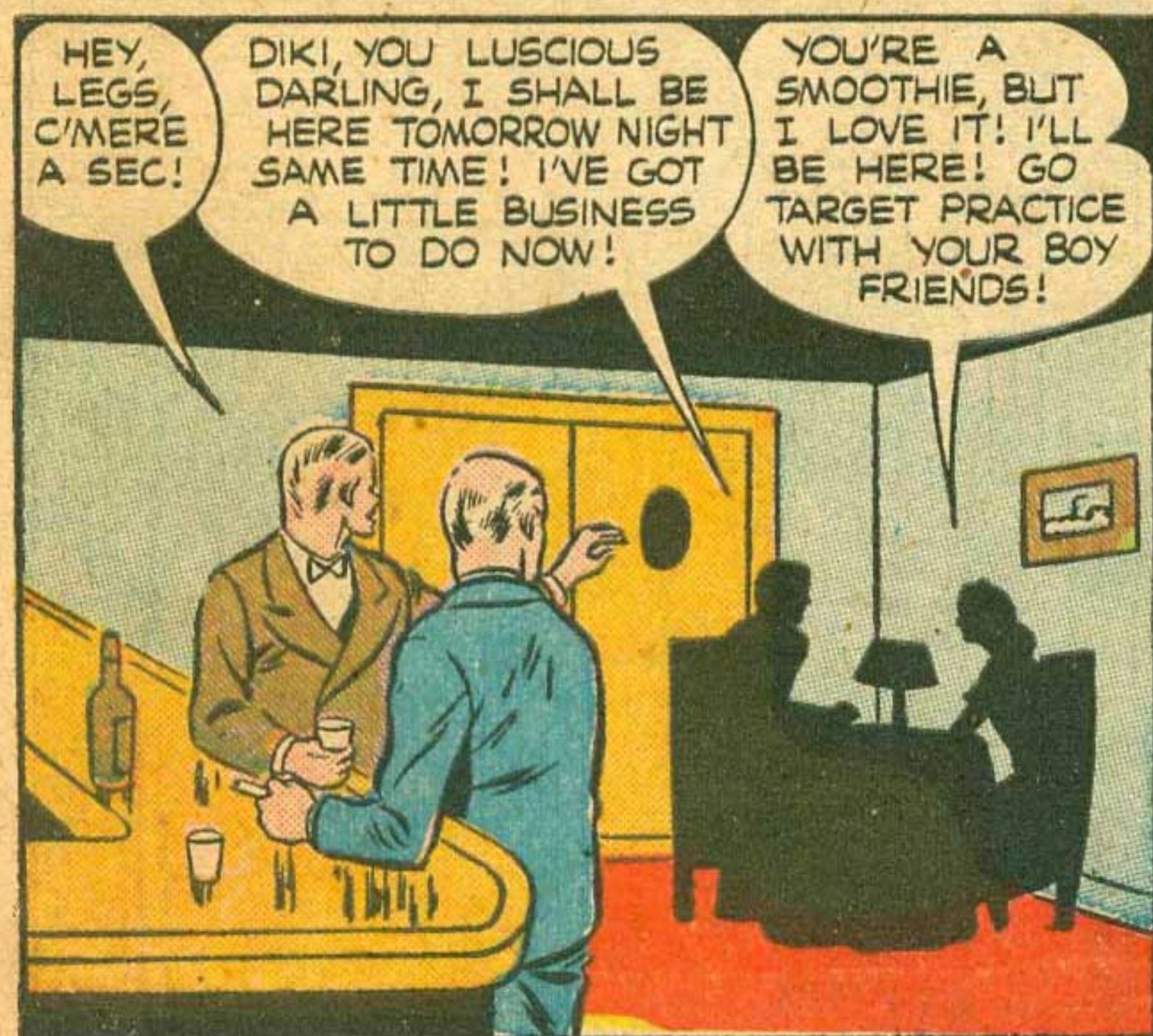
FINE, ROTHSTEIN! DROP UP AND LET US TALK THE SITUATION OVER!

I'LL BE QUICK, KID! YOU'RE A KILLER! GOT NERVE, BRAINS AND THE OLD FAST DRAW! I WANT YA FOR A BODY-GUARD!

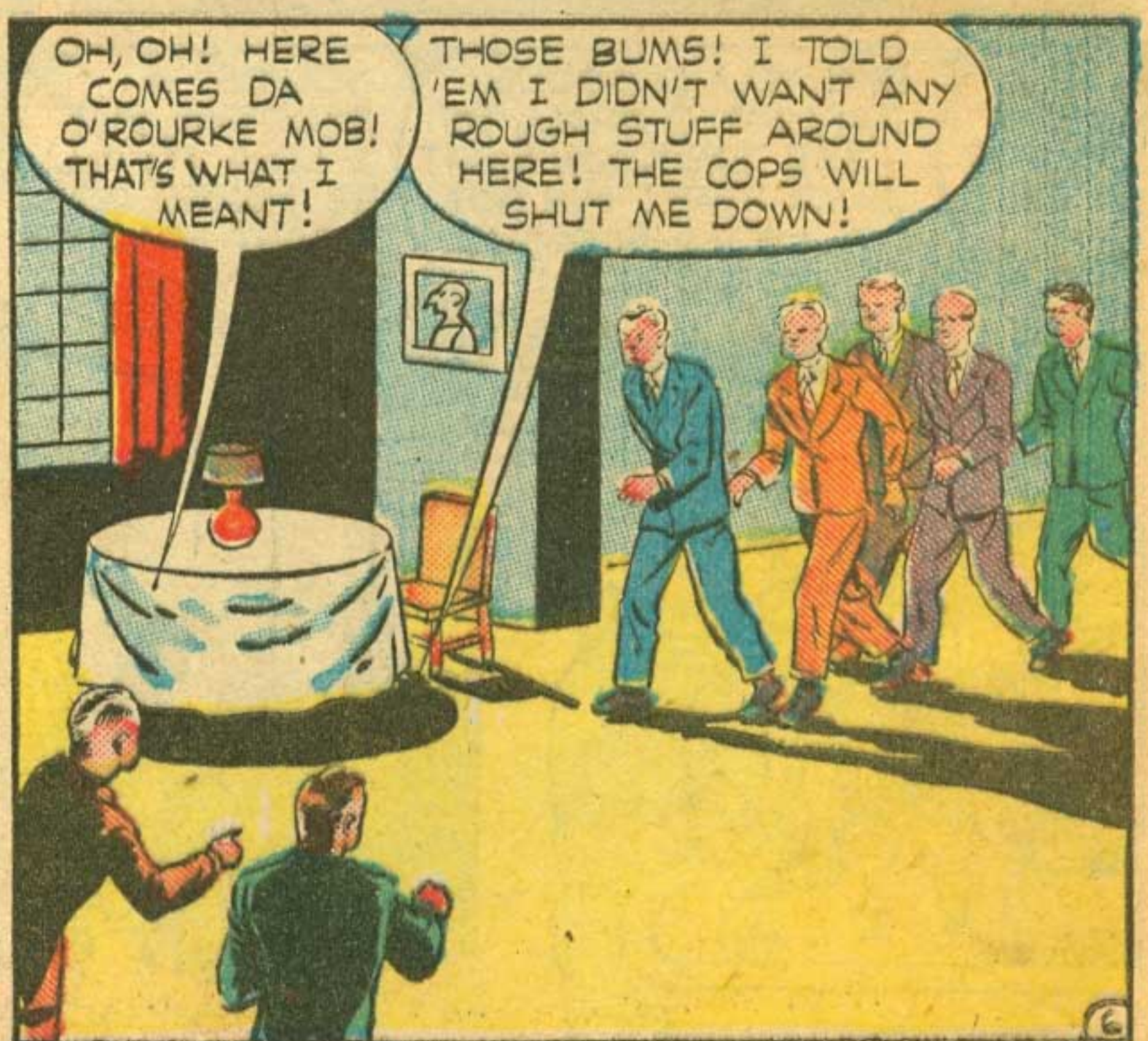
THAT'S AN HONOR, ROTHSTEIN! BUT...ER... WHAT'S THE PROPOSITION?



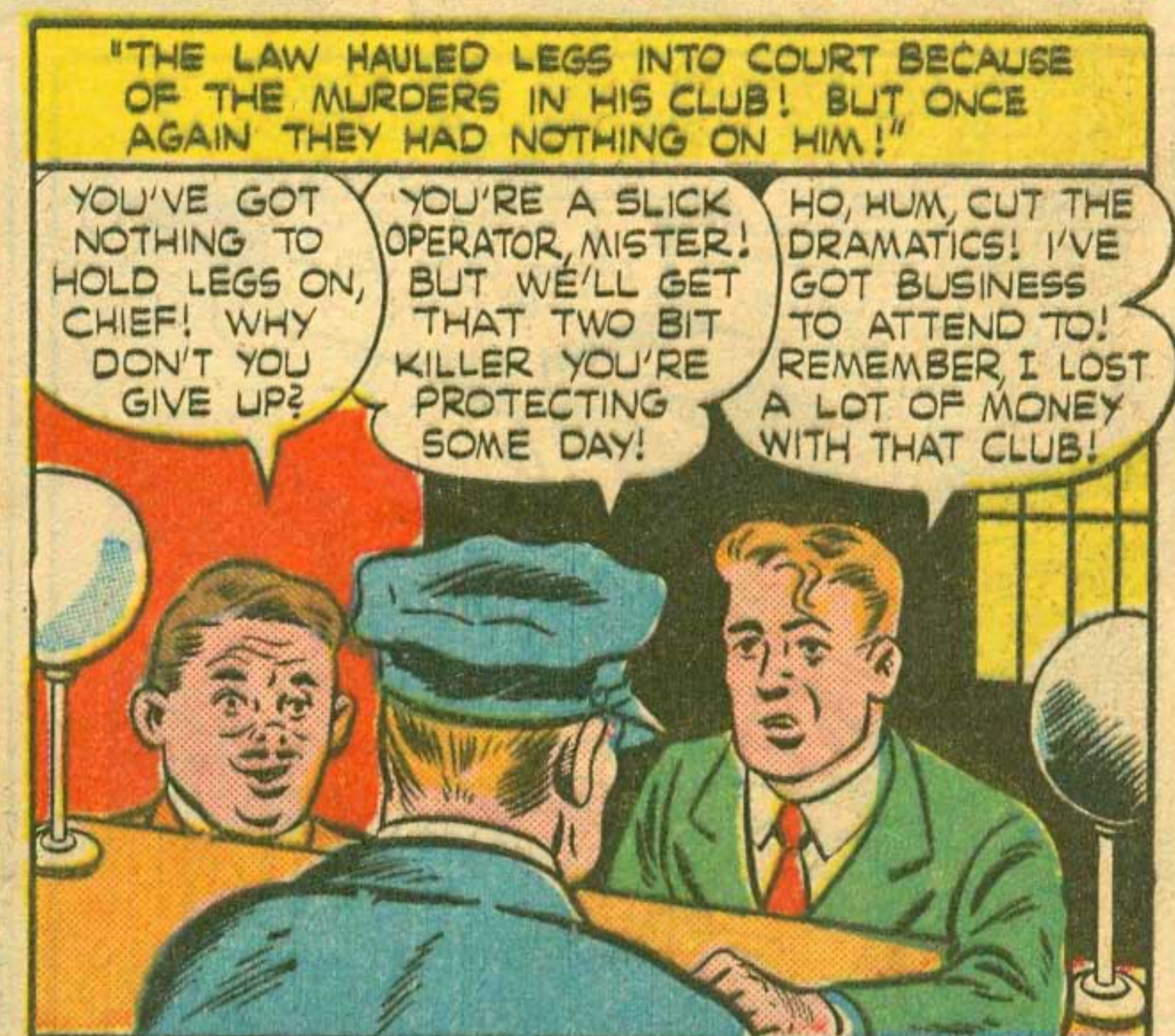
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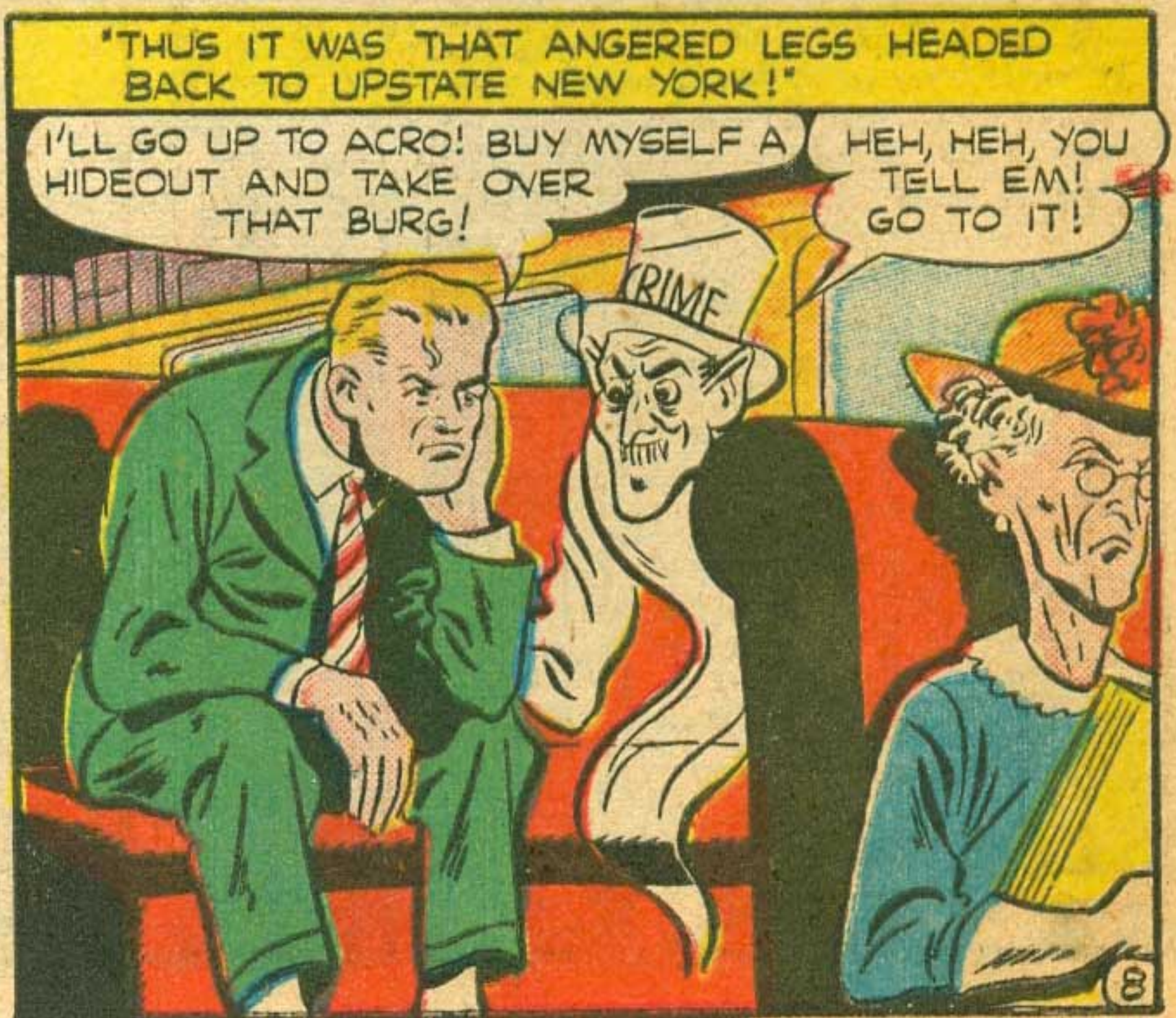
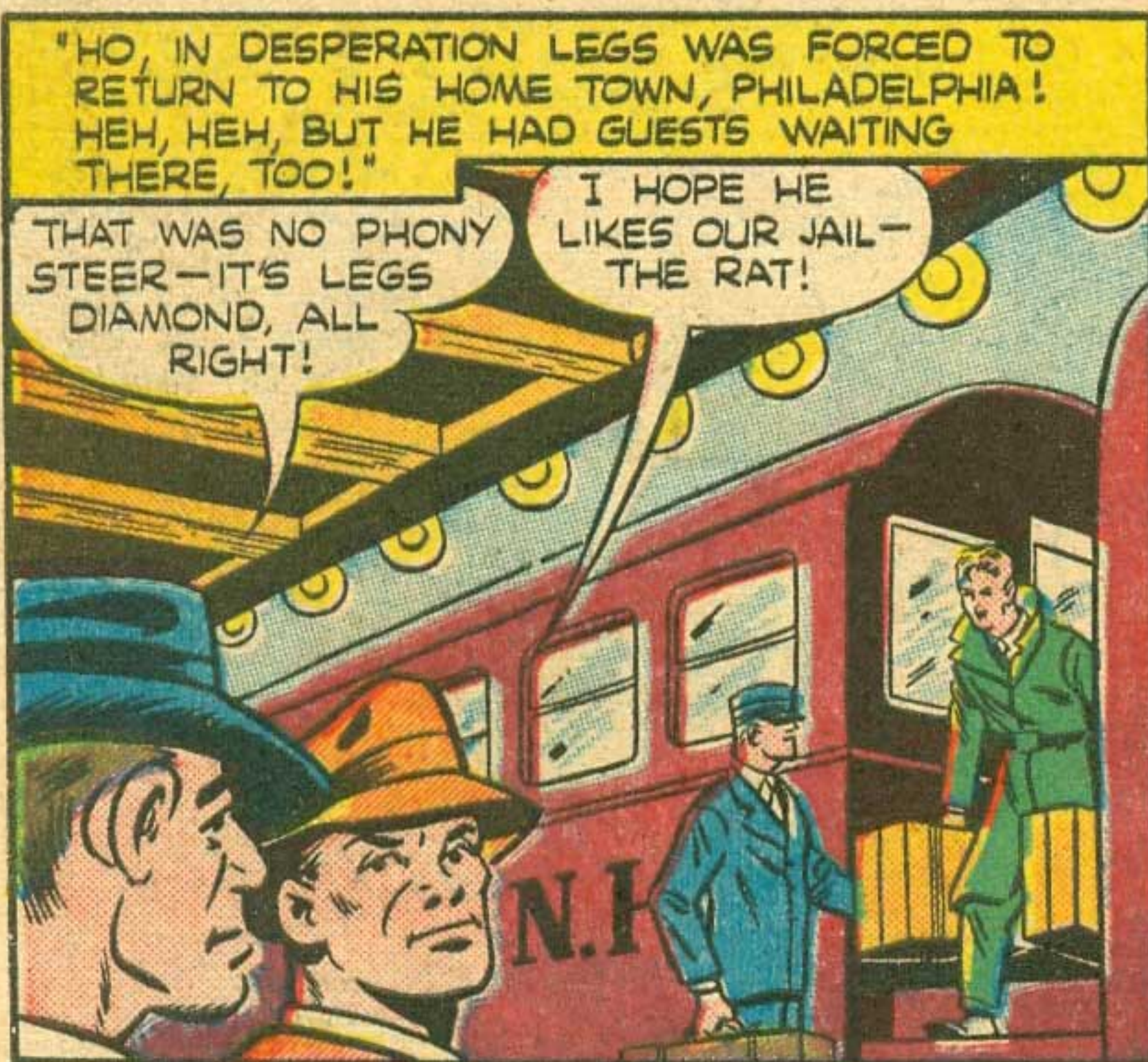
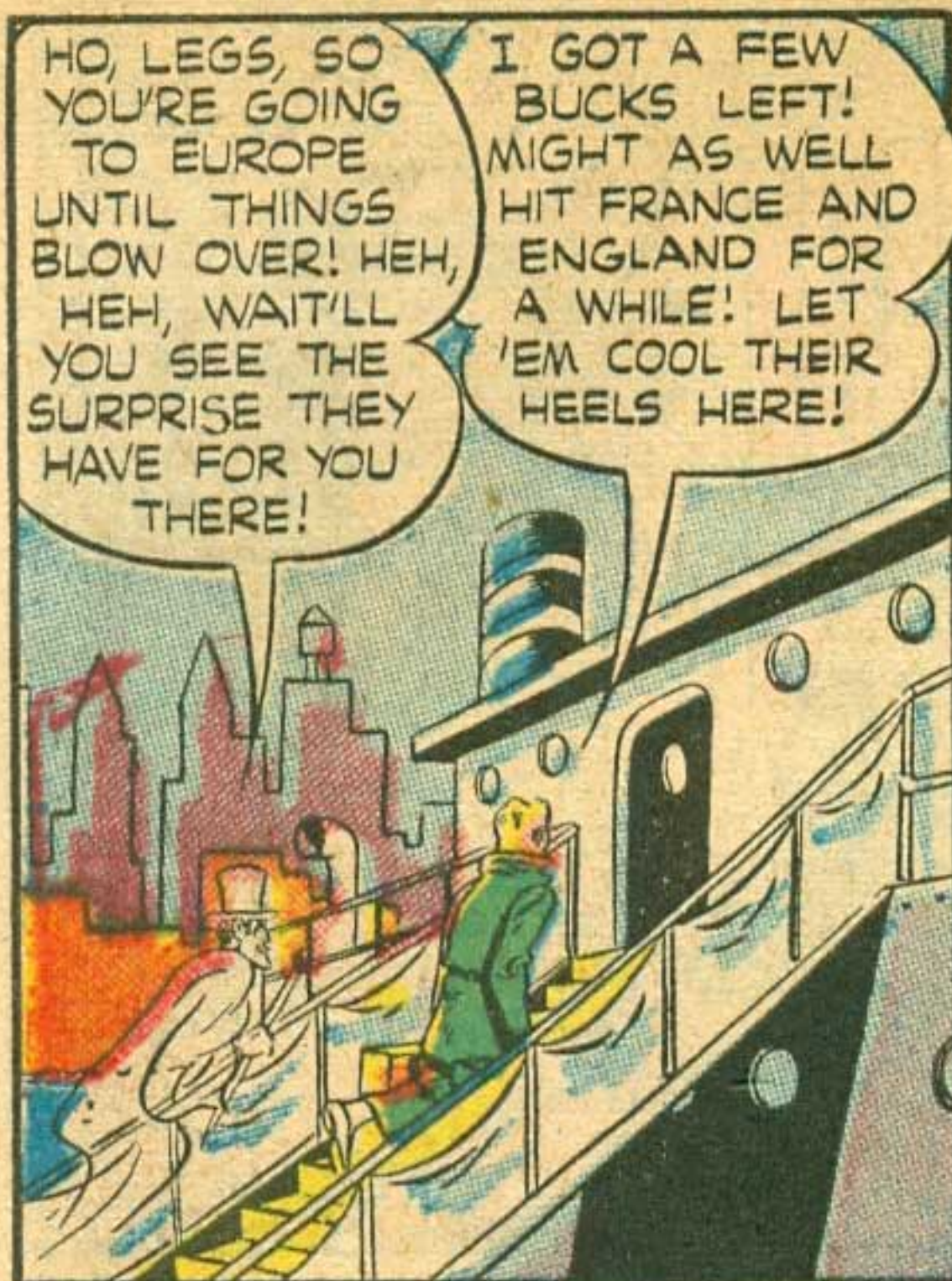
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"HO, LEGS MADE OUT ALL RIGHT IN HIS NEW HIDEOUT, BUT THE LOCAL BOYS DIDN'T LIKE HIS BUTTING IN, AND ONE NIGHT IN A MONTICELLO HOTEL..."



"AND SO, ONCE AGAIN LEGS FOUND HIMSELF IN A HOSPITAL! HEH, HEH, HE WAS USED TO THEM BY NOW!"

I TELL YA I DON'T KNOW WHO FILLED ME UP WITH BUCKSHOT AND EVEN IF I DID I WOULDN'T TELL YOU COPS ABOUT IT!

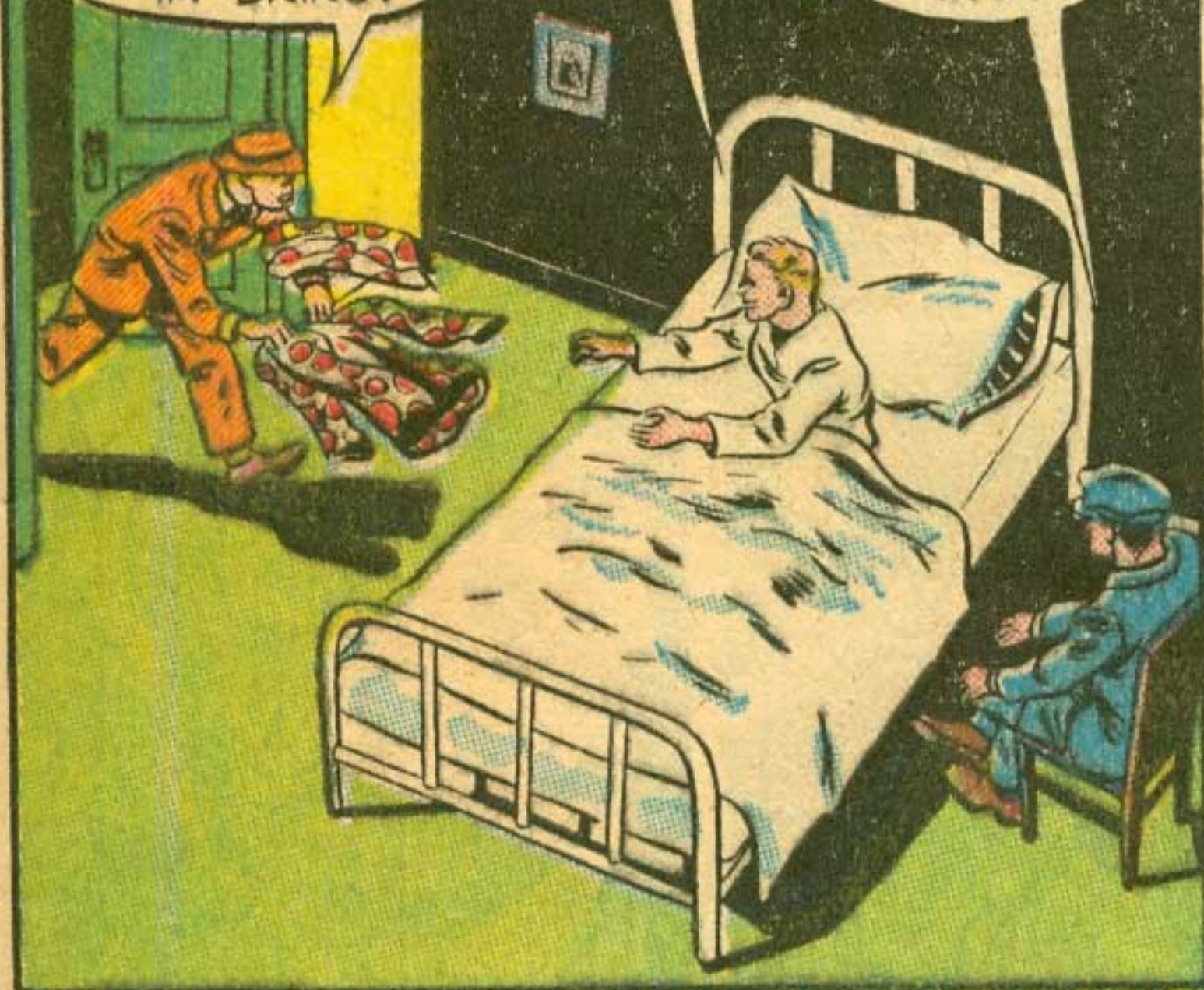
STILL A TOUGH BOY, EH, LEGS! WE'LL BE WAITING FOR THAT MISTAKE OF YOURS!



HELLO, LEGS! HERE IS DEM PAJAMAS YA WANTED ME TA BRING!

THANKS, ANGEL!

STILL STICKING TO YOUR FANCY PAJAMAS I SEE!



THAT'S RIGHT, FLATFOOT! THEY MAKE ME FEEL NICE AND HAPPY LIKE! NOW TELL THE BUTCHER WHO RUNS THIS DUMP THAT I'M READY TO LEAVE!

IT WOULD'VE BEEN BETTER FOR THE WORLD IF THAT BULLET FOUND YOUR HEART!



I'VE JUST SEEN THE HEAD DOCTOR, BOSS! HE SAYS THEY DID ALL THEY CAN! YOU CAN LEAVE NOW!

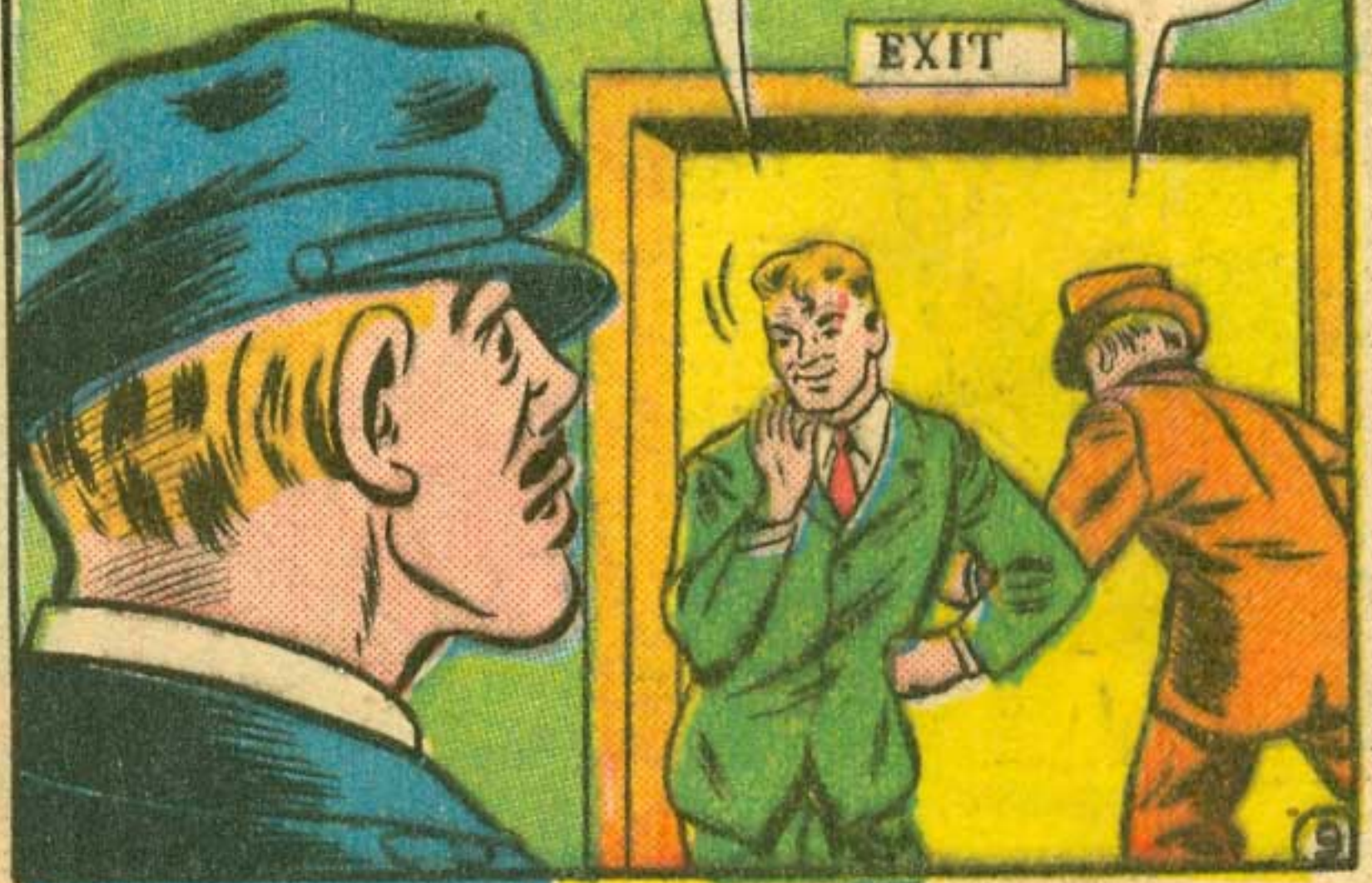
YOU KNOW, I WAS JUST BEGINNING TO ENJOY THE PEACE HERE! IMAGINE THOSE DOPES TRYING TO KILL ME WITH BUCKSHOT!



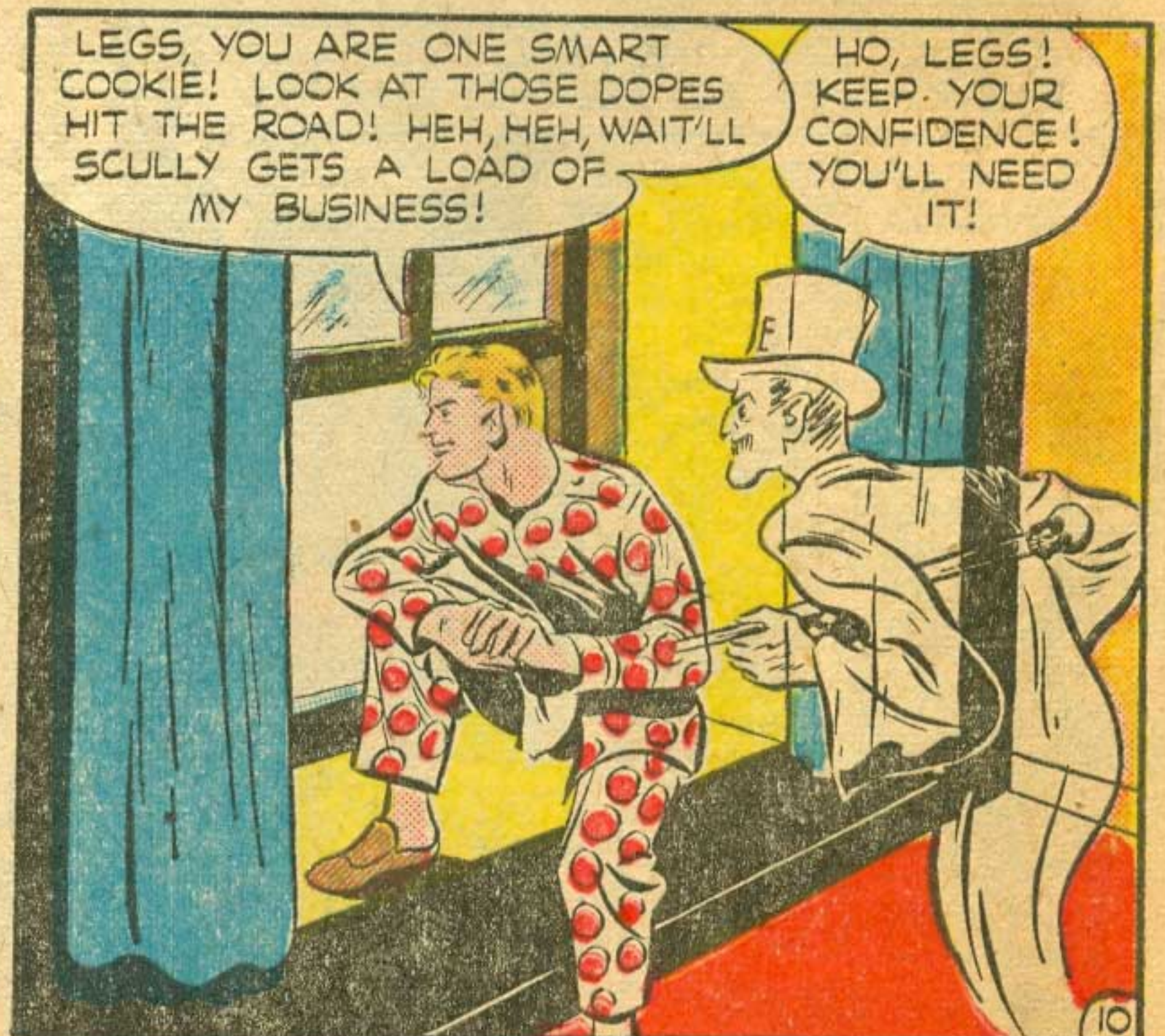
SO LONG, COPPER! YOU WON'T HAVE TO HANG AROUND! THE BIG BAD KILLERS WON'T COME HERE TO DO AWAY WITH ME! NOW ANGEL, CALL UP THE BOYS! I'M CALLING A MEETING UP AT THE FARM!

RIGHT!

EXIT



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THAT NIGHT AT THE HOME OF LEG'S GIRLFRIEND...



ON TOP OF THE WORLD, KID—THAT'S US! NEXT TIME I GO TO EUROPE, THEY'LL WELCOME ME RIGHT, OR ELSE!

IT'S LATE, LEGS, AND I HAVE A HEADACHE! DO YOU MIND?



HONEY, I'LL HOP INTO A TAXI! I GOT A CHEAP LITTLE ROOM IN TOWN SO'S MY ENEMIES CAN'T KNOCK ME OFF! I'LL HIT THE HAY AND SEE YOU TOMORROW!



HO, FOLKS, THERE WAS EVIL IN THE AIR THAT NIGHT OF APRIL 18, 1931!



HO HUM! I'M TIRED! A GOOD NIGHT'S REST AND I'LL WAKE UP A NEW MAN!



YES, DEAR FRIENDS, LEGS' NUMBER WAS FINALLY UP! HEAR THAT! THIS TIME THEY REALLY GOT HIM!

BANG
BANG
BANG



HIS LUCK COULDN'T HOLD OUT FOREVER!

YOU'VE HAD THIS COMING FOR A LONG TIME, YOU DIRTY RAT!

AAAGH!



MAKE SURE THAT YOU DON'T MAKE MY ACQUAINTANCE! FIRST MY PUPILS START LYING! THEN STEALING... AND FINALLY THEY ALL REACH THE SAME END AS LEGS DID—A HORRIBLE DEATH!

"CRIME DOES NOT PAY!"

CRIME

The End

THE FEATURE ATTRACTION IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF CRIME DOES NOT PAY WILL BE THE VIOLENT CAREER OF THE MOST HATED OF ALL CRIMINALS—

THE DARK SECRETS OF HIS GRUESOME AND RUTHLESS CRIMES WILL BE DIVULGED IN THESE VERY PAGES! **DON'T MISS IT!**

JOHN DILLINGER!

Boys! Sportsman! Sensational New Wrist Type Luminous Dial COMPASS

Here Are The Features That Make This The
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FOR CAMPING



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CRIME DOES NOT PAY

IN ALL THE ANNALS OF CRIME, NO HUMAN CREATURE HAS COME CLOSER TO BEING THE PERFECT FIEND THAN BELLE, THE BEAST OF LA PORTE, INDIANA! HUSBANDS-WOULD-BE HUSBANDS AND OTHERS FELT THE STEEL OF THE BLOODY AXE WIELDED BY THE FEMALE MAMMOTH KNOWN AS... "*Mrs. Bluebeard*"

A
TRUE
STORY

CRIME
DOES NOT PAY

THE SHOCKING TRUE STORY OF A WOMAN WHO MURDERED 40 MEN

Mrs. BLUEBEARD

Drawn By JACK ALDERMAN

ON APRIL, 1902, A SUITOR, PETER GUINNESS, CALLS UPON THE WIDOW, BELLE POULSETTER...

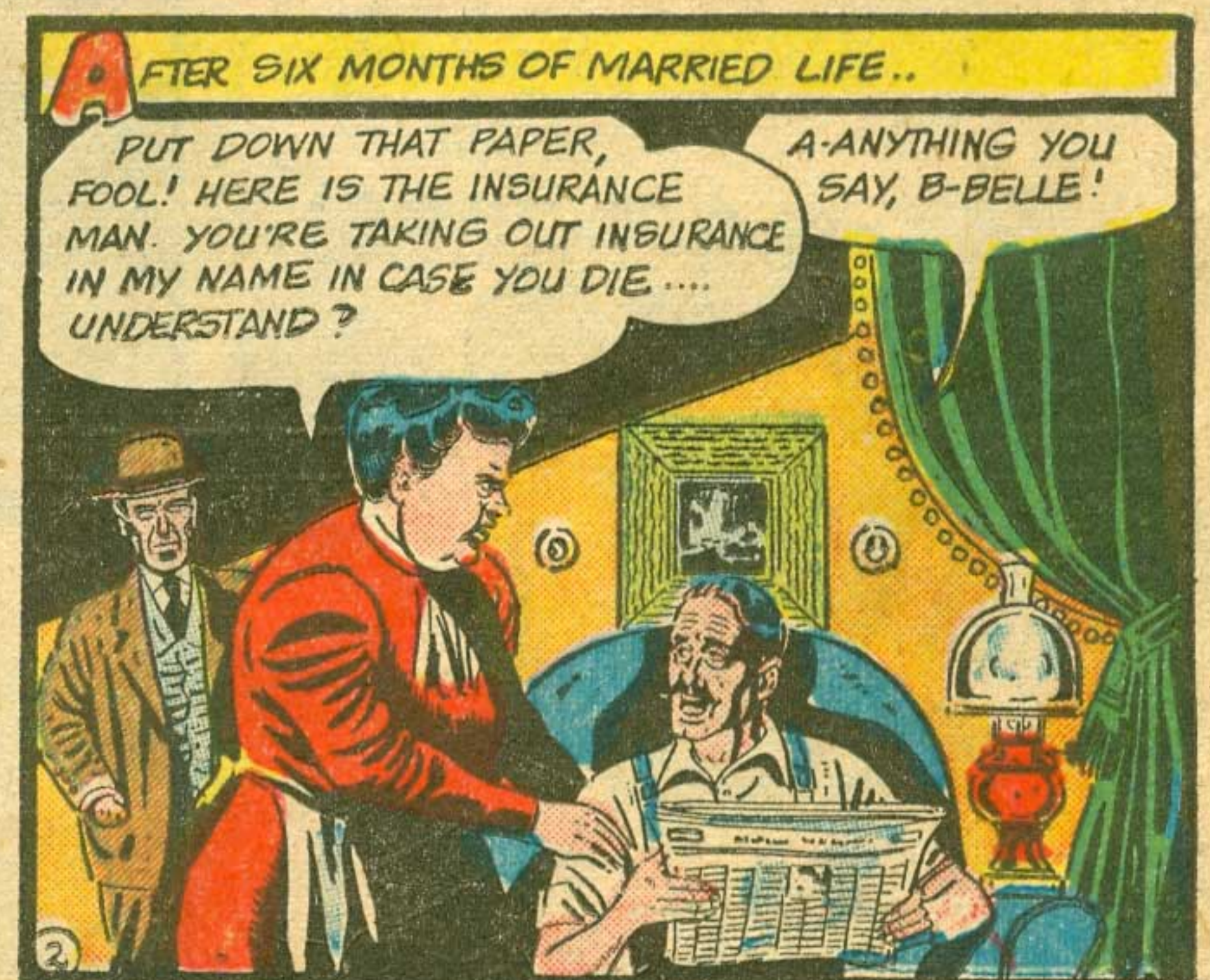
WILL YOU MARRY ME, BELLE?

SURE, PETER!
WAIT... ISN'T THAT MY BELL RINGING?

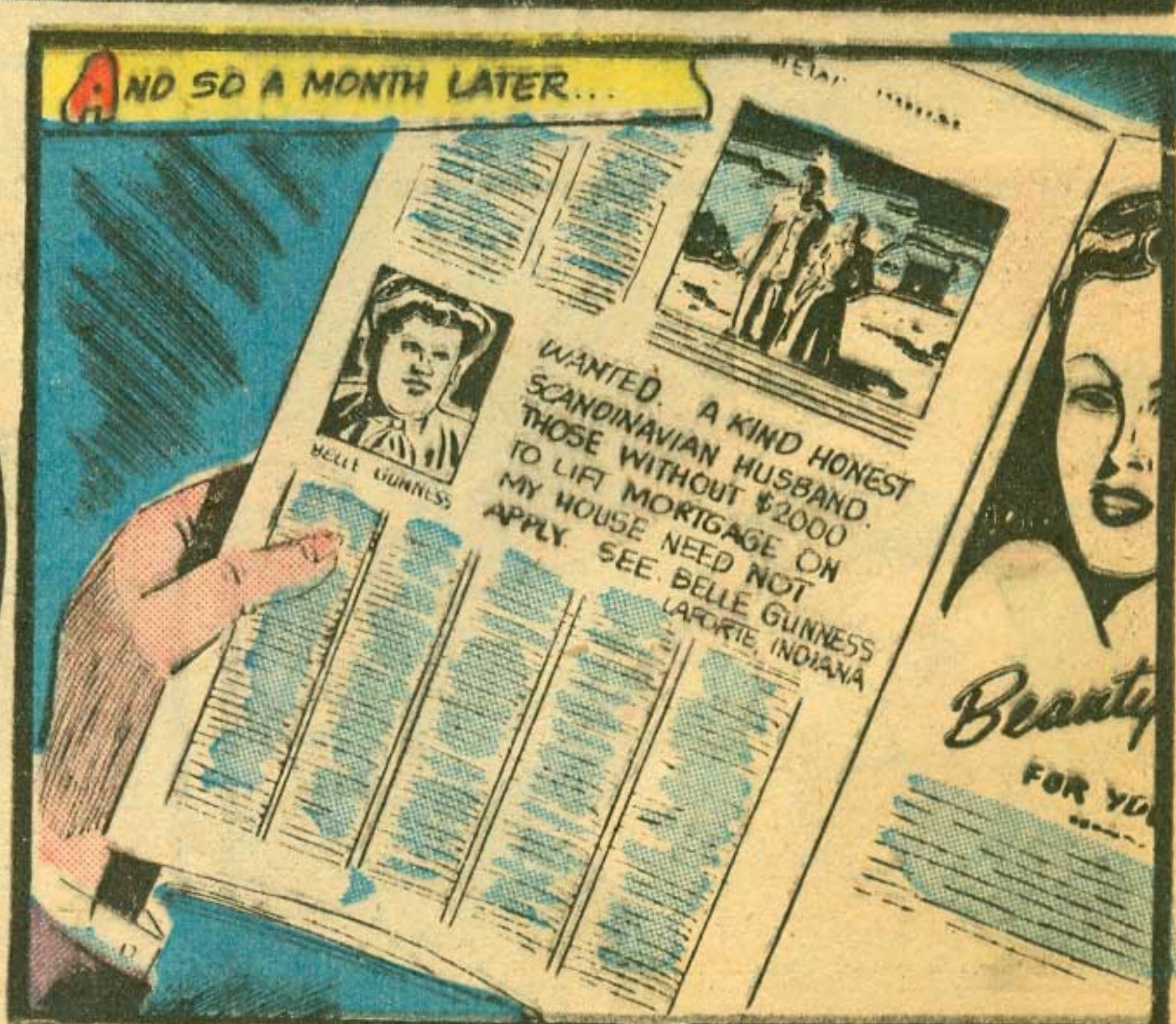
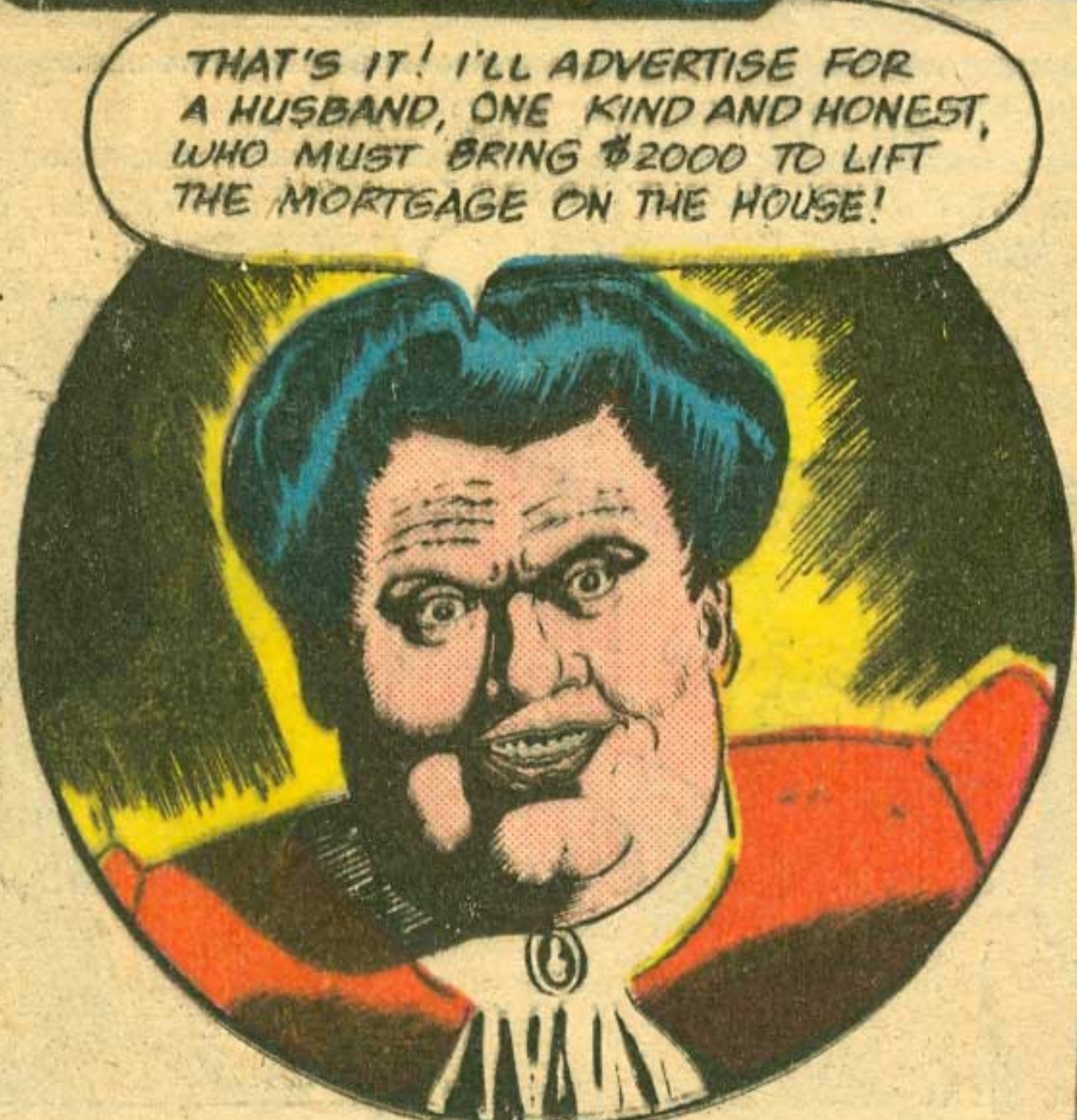
YOUR PIANO, MRS. POULSETTER... WE'LL BRING IT IN SOON AS WE CATCH OUR BREATH!

YOU CALL YOURSELVES MEN? I'LL CARRY IT IN MYSELF!

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CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THEN THE PARADE OF WOULD-BE HUSBANDS REALLY BEGAN...

BELLE GUNNESS? PUT IT THERE! I READ YOUR MARRIAGE AD AND I'M GOING TO BE YOUR NEXT HUSBAND!

THIS ONE'S GOING TO BE TOUGHER TO KILL! HE'S STRONG!

THAT NIGHT...

SAY! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

I KNEW IT! THIS'S GOING TO BE A JOB!

SO YOU WANT TO KILL ME, EH? OWWW!

WHACK!

IF MY LIFE'S AT STAKE... DON'T THINK I'M NOT GOING TO FIGHT FOR IT JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE A WOMAN!

OHHH!

WHACK!

HIT A LADY, WILL YOU?

WHACK!

THIS WILL TEACH YOU TO BE A GENTLEMAN!

EVEN IF IT KILLS YOU!

EEEEEE!

WHACK!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

MONTHS LATER, ONE MORNING...

MRS. GUNNESS? I'M RAY LAMPHERE, HERE TO ANSWER YOUR AD FOR A HIRED MAN!

ALL RIGHT, YOU'RE HIRED. YOU LOOK STRONG ENOUGH!

ONE AFTERNOON WORKING AROUND THE HOUSE, LAMPHERE MAKES A DISCOVERY...

HERE NOW! ISN'T THAT A HUMAN FOOT UNDER THAT BLANKET?

IT'S THE MAN WHO CAME LAST WEEK TO MARRY BELLE! I THOUGHT HE WENT AWAY!

SO AT SUPPER....

I HAPPEN TO KNOW YOU HAVE THREE DEAD MEN IN THE CELLAR AND AFTER DIGGING IN THE BACKYARD I FOUND TWENTY-FOUR SKELETONS... THAT NEEDS A LOT OF EXPLAINING TO THE POLICE, BELLE!

WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

OH, PUT THAT DOWN, BELLE! I'M TELLING NOBODY IF... I GET A CUT OF THE MONEY THEY BROUGHT WITH THEM!

ALLRIGHT, RAY! AY'LL SEE YOU DO GET A CUT!

I KNEW YOU'D FEEL THAT WAY, BELLE!

THAT NIGHT, AS LAMPHERE SLEEPS, BELLE KNOCKS HIM UNCONSCIOUS, AND...

SURPRISED, LAMPHERE? NOT SO SURPRISED AS YOU'LL BE IN FIVE MINUTES!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

YES, LAMPHERE... YOU'LL GET YOUR CUT! BUT IT WON'T BE THE KIND OF CUT YOU'LL LIKE!



ONE YEAR LATER, AFTER ADDING ANOTHER DOZEN MEN TO HER LIST,...

CURSE MY LUCK! I WOKE HIM UP! I SHOULD'VE STABBED HIM BEFORE I LOOKED INTO HIS VAISE!

H-HELP! MURDER!



NOBODY KNOWS AY TOOK THIS WOMAN IN FOR THE NIGHT TO DO MY WASHING TO MORROW! SHE'LL BE A GOOD SUBSTITUTE FOR ME. IF SHE'S CHARRED TO CINDERS!

WHAT WAS THAT NOISE? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? HELP!!



ISN'T IT A PITY, LAMPHERE, YOU TRYING TO BLACKMAIL ME? YOU WOULDN'T BE SLICED TO DEATH NOW, IF YOU HADN'T BEEN GREEDY!



I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE POLICE! THERE'S NO TELLING HOW MANY MEN SHE'S KILLED!

HE'S ESCAPING! WHAT IF HE TELLS THE POLICE?



GONE! WHEN THE POLICE RETURN, THEY'LL BE SURE TO FIND THE BODIES AND I'LL HANG! THERE'S JUST ONE THING TO DO!



AFTER HER, I'LL KILL MY KIDS, SOAK 'EM ALL IN KEROSENE AND BURN THE HOUSE DOWN!



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NO! MAMMA! NO DON'T HURT ME!

THIS BRAT-KILLING'S TAKING TOO LONG! IT'S GOOD SHE'S THE LAST OR THE POLICE'LL BE ON MY NECK BEFORE I KNOW IT!

A HALF HOUR LATER...

I'M READY! NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS SET FIRE TO THE BODIES OF THE FOUR KIDS AND MY STAND-IN!

BUT ACTING ON THE ESCAPED MAN'S INFORMATION THE POLICE SWOOP DOWN UPON BELLE'S HOUSE.

OH! THE POLICE ARE HERE! ESCAPE IS CUT OFF!

SHE'S SET FIRE TO THE HOUSE!

BELLE! COME OUT! WE'VE GOT YOU TRAPPED!

THERE'S A SECRET PASSAGE OUT OF THE CELLAR INTO THE ORCHARD!

OVER-ANXIOUS TO ESCAPE, BELLE DIDN'T LOOK WHERE SHE WAS GOING—

THIS'LL BE EASY... I'LL ... OW!

THE MURDERESS WAS ENGULFED BY THE FIERY FLAMES!

THE NEXT MORNING...

YOU HAD A NARROW ESCAPE MR. BUDSBERG! THERE'RE FORTY MEN BURIED IN THAT BACKYARD... IT'S A REGULAR CEMETERY!

DEATH WAS TOO GOOD FOR THAT FIEND!

YES, MR. BUDSBERG IF BLUEBEARD HAD EVER WANTED TO GET MARRIED, BELLE GUNNESS WOULD'VE BEEN THE PERFECT MRS. BLUEBEARD!

Jack Alderman

PRE-WAR... WAR... POST-WAR!!!

NOW AS ALWAYS THE

BIG 3

LEAD THE COMIC PARADE!

Remember
'DAREDEVIL',
'BOY',
 and **'CRIME'** *does not pay*

GIVE YOU THE
 MOST FOR YOUR
 DIME!



LEV GLEASON
publisher
CHARLES BIRO
and
BOB WOOD
editors

**"THE TEAM
 THAT CAN'T
 BE BEAT!"**

OH BOY!!

WILL YOU GET A KICK OUT OF THESE TATTOO TRANSFERS

... Decorate your arms and hands with your favorite comic heroes—or dress up your books, glassware and toys with these colorful designs

Your Favorite COMIC HEROES 115 For Only 50¢

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| ★The Four Comrades | ★Sgt. Bill King | ★Happy Comics |
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Contains Over 75 Baffling Tricks You Can Learn at Home PLUS All the Equipment Needed to Perform Dozens of Amazing Feats of Magic



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What's On Your Mind?

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FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED

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Dear Reader:

This page is devoted to your opinions, ideas and suggestions.

Since the conception of CRIME DOES NOT PAY we have been guided by two ideals—first, the eradication of crime and, second, to give credit to the fearless detectives and officers of the law who daily risk their lives that you and we may live in a more lawful society.

CHARLES BIRO and BOB WOOD, Editors.

To "What's On Your Mind":

I'm a regular reader of your magazine. I suggest you have more stories concerning women or juvenile cases, not only of men. After all, the boys aren't the only ones to read this magazine. I've asked a few of my friends what they think and they agree with me.

A regular reader,

Joyce Clair

604 Drake Ave., Roselle, N. J.

**Our selection is determined by several factors. Suspense, action, drama and others—cases that possess these qualifications eventually find their way into CRIME DOES NOT PAY.*

Dear Sirs:

I was wondering if it could be possible for you to make a 20c comic of CRIME DOES NOT PAY. It would be better to have a lot of stories in one comic, so that we don't feel the difference between issues. Thank you.

Jo Ann Camarda

7144 Avenue F.

Houston 11, Texas

**Your wish is granted, beginning with this issue, and it's still only a dime!*

Gentlemen

If I may, I would like to suggest something to the editors of CRIME DOES NOT PAY. Why not have a page or two set aside for the scientific devices used in crime detection? A lot of fellows are interested in crime detection and the information would be useful.

Yours truly,

John Friday

1109 Morton St.

Camden, N. J.

**An excellent suggestion, John. Watch future issues.*

Dear Editor:

CRIME DOES NOT PAY Comics.

The magazine with a cause,

Fights man's evil habits;

Stresses allegiance to laws.

This fine publication

Merits respect and support

By pointing right from wrong

And bringing justice to court.

Sincerely,

Sgt. Albert B. Manski, 31204106

Company A, Hq. Bn. AGFRD #1

Ft. Geo. G. Meade, Md.

**Thanks, Sarge, your clever verse is exceeded only by the ideals and principles for which it stands.*

Dear Sirs:

A lot of us fellows would like very much if you would put into CRIME DOES NOT PAY stories about criminals back in 1905.

As for opinions, we like your magazine so much that we're going to start a "CRIME DOES NOT PAY" Club.

Yours truly,

Louis Williams

124 S. Madeira St.

Baltimore 31, Md.

**The "Devil of Dresden" and "Mrs. Bluebeard," both appearing in this issue, took place around that period. Louis. We hope your Club enjoys much success.*

Dear Sir:

I'm very much satisfied with CRIME DOES NOT PAY and I think I speak for a lot of other people, young and old. The main reason why I like CRIME DOES NOT PAY is because the material in it is true fact and because it is the only original book out. Keep up the good work!

Yours truly,

Steve Nerwin

112 Gotthart St.

Newark 5, N. J.

**That's our stock in trade, Steve, originality and quality.*

Dear Editors:

CRIME Comics is a wonderful magazine. I like it and I hope others do . . . because it gives people and ex-convicts that read it, an idea to "think it over and go straight." That's how I feel about crime. Unfortunately, I was once a crook myself. But common sense set me straight.

Thank you,

N.P.B.

Chicago, Ill.

**Attention! To those who might doubt that CRIME DOES NOT PAY, here's living proof.*

Editors:

I am a constant reader of your magazine when it is possible to get a copy. Usually I reach the book stores only to find they have sold out all of the CRIME DOES NOT PAY.

Yours very truly,

Ruel Hawkins, Box 78, R.F.D. 7

Atlanta, Ga.

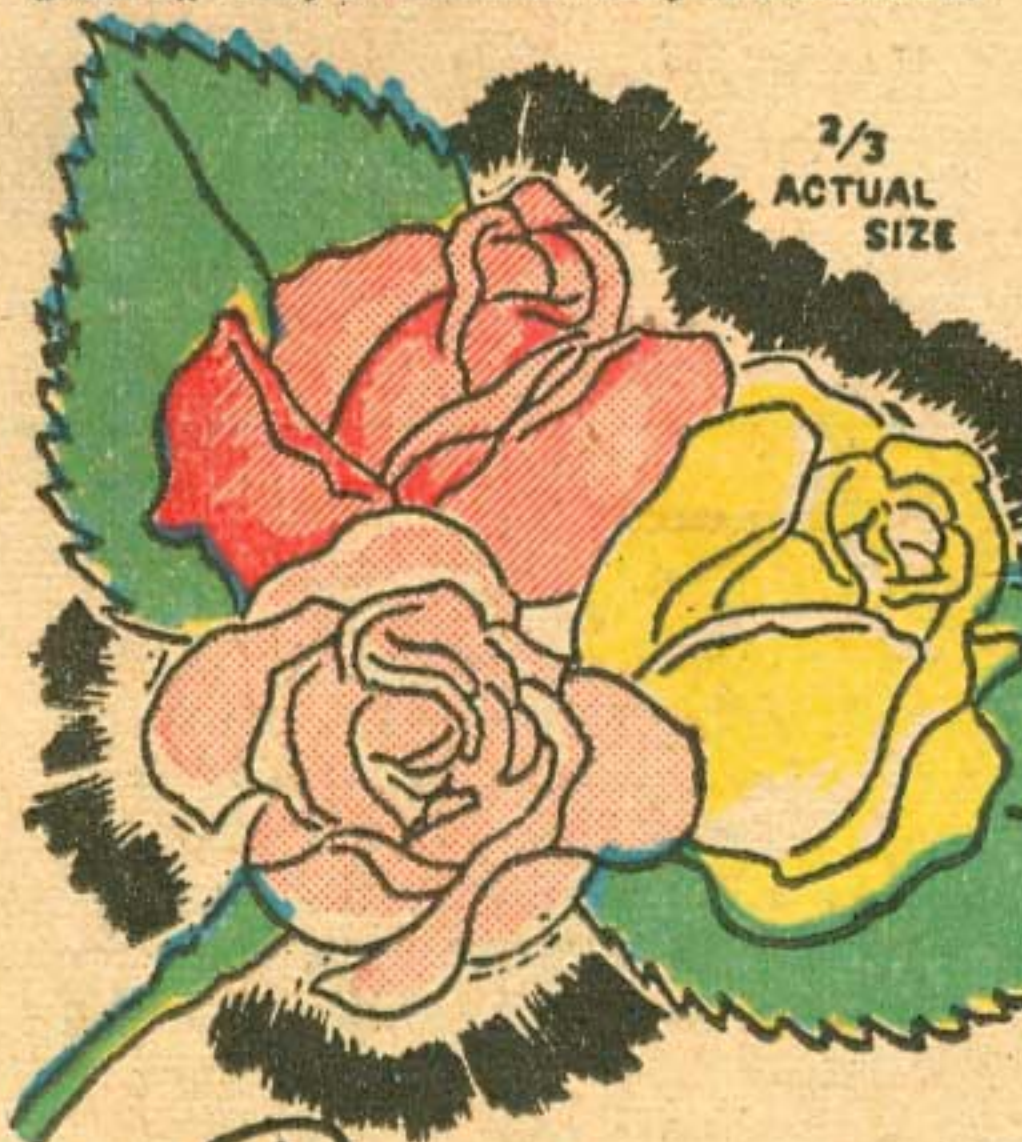
**That's good news to us, Ruel. Why not ask your newsdealer to put your copy aside?*

Letters must be limited to 50 words or less. Address all letters to: "What's On Your Mind?"—MARCH OF CRIME, 114 East 32 Street, New York 16, N. Y.

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A TRUE STORY

The RIDDLE of the BLUDGEONED BEAUTY

THE SAME COMBINATION THAT GAVE YOU DAREDEVIL, BOY AND CRIME DOES NOT PAY NOW GIVES YOU, BEGINNING WITH THIS ISSUE, A SIXTEEN PAGE ROTO-GRVURE MAGAZINE SECTION THAT WILL CONTAIN THE MOST SENSATIONAL TRUE CRIME STORIES OF ALL TIME!

Captain James J. Smith surveyed the scene where unharnessed fury had struck on April 24, 1935. Sensing that the large, expensively furnished living room was only an indication of what lay beyond, Smith signaled his aides, Detectives Frank Cosgrave, Charles Band and Stephen Naumann, all of the Paterson, New Jersey, homicide squad, to follow him.

As the men crossed the floor, a man suddenly emerged from one of the rooms. "She's in here," he said by way of greeting, then stood off to one side while the detectives crowded around the open door leading to the bathroom.

Four pairs of eyes took in the white tile walls which were streaked with blood, and then were drawn with

almost magnetic force toward the floor where a young, dark-haired girl lay breathing with difficulty through battered lips. Her face, beaten beyond recognition, gave no indication that life still coursed through her body.

"Is she alive?" Smith inquired tersely of the intern who was administering first aid.

The doctor's hands worked swiftly in an effort to staunch the profuse flow of blood. "Yes, but her chances are slim. Our only hope is that we can get her to the hospital without further delay."

"Do you think she'll regain consciousness long enough to tell us who her attacker was?" Smith asked.

The intern shook his head. "She might — but don't count on it."

Forcing his eyes away from the unconscious woman, Smith turned to two men hovering nearby. One of them was the man who had called out to them, the other a younger man who stared horrified at the blood-stained floor. His trance-like behavior indicated he hadn't even noticed the detectives.

"Who are you?" Smith asked the older man.

"George Franken. I'm the superintendent in this building," he replied. "About twenty minutes ago this gentleman here," indicating

the silent one, "came rushing into my apartment and asked for the pass-key. He said he was afraid something had happened to Miss McNamara. We came right up and found—this."

Smith nodded and turned his attention to the stricken man. "Suppose," he suggested quietly, "you tell us your story."

At the sound of the detective's words, the man roused himself and turned his glazed eyes on the speaker. "I'm Albert Ernest. Dorothy McNamara is my fiancée. I should have come when she called me. Maybe if I had done that, instead of thinking it was some silly whim of hers, she would be all right now."

"When did Miss McNamara call you?" Smith interrupted the flow of words.

"Late last night. I was working on some estimates — when Dorothy called. I'm in the contracting business. — She asked me to come here right away . . . didn't say why, just to hurry over. I told her it was late and I was working, and the next thing I knew she slammed down the receiver."

Ernest went on to say he had thought nothing more of the matter until the next afternoon when he decided to call on her. At approximately 2 p.m., he had rung the doorbell several times and received no answer. However, he hadn't been alarmed, thinking she might have stepped out for a few minutes. It wasn't until he glanced down and saw the milk bottle and morning paper standing untouched that he knew something must be wrong. He had then hurried downstairs to summon the superintendent.

"After I saw what had happened to Dorothy," he said shuddering, "I called an ambulance and then the police."

Gradually, as the questioning progressed, the detectives learned from the distraught young man that Miss McNamara, a beautician, shared the apartment with another girl, Joan Miller, who had been rushed to the hospital two weeks previously for an emergency appendectomy.

Moreover, Miss McNamara had a number of friends who admired her and liked her friendly manner. She got along well with people and there had been nothing which Ernest knew of that could explain the terrible thing that had happened.

Breaking off long enough to give Ernest a rest, the investigators inspected the apartment. Keeping in mind the man's story of his conversation with his fiancée the previous night, the men were inclined to conclude that she had called him knowing danger was close at hand. It seemed very likely that the abrupt termination of the call had been caused by the appearance of her attacker.

The search progressed to every room in the apartment and it was soon becoming apparent that aside from the shambles in which the place had been left, there was little to be found of importance.

"What about the windows as a possible means of entry and escape?" Smith asked frowning.

Detective Band had already seen to that. "All the windows except the kitchen window are locked from the inside. The kitchen window leads to a fire escape."

"Find any footmarks on the sill?"

The detective shook his head. "No, but if the attacker was as clever as I think he is, he might have wiped off the sill."

Smith looked dubious. "Whoever did this job, did it in rage. And in that frame

of mind, you don't stop to rationalize—especially if a woman's scream might bring help."

"What do you mean, rage?" Cosgrave inquired, joining the pair. "Rage because he was interrupted in the act of robbery, or rage prompted by jealousy or intense hatred?"

Smith didn't have an answer ready for that one nor did he intend to until the investigation could progress out of the nebulous stage. However, he did make a suggestion that Cosgrave and Naumann start questioning the tenants in the building. Perhaps one of them had heard sounds of the fight—or screams in the night.

Accompanied by Band, the captain made his way to Miss McNamara's bedroom. There he went carefully through the dresser drawers. Nothing seemed out of order including a velvet-lined jewel-box in the upper right-hand drawer. The contents revealed a diamond dinner ring, a string of pearls and other fairly expensive items. If robbery had been the motive, Smith reasoned out loud, the attacker had certainly overlooked a fruitful cache.

Search completed, Smith walked over to where Band was carefully going over the contents of a purse which he found lying on the night stand.

"Is there any money in the purse?" Smith wanted to know.

The detective nodded absently. "Forty bucks, but that doesn't interest me as much as this," he said, extending a piece of paper bearing an almost illegible scrawl.

Laboriously Smith made out the words which appeared senseless yet somehow fraught with mysterious meaning:

"YOU CAN HAVE PEGGY'S BROTHER, BUT HE'S GOING TO HAVE YOU RIGHT."

Smith grunted and carefully placed the scrap of paper in his pocket. "This might be a lead," he remarked. "But then again it might be a plant to throw us off the trail."

At that moment, the staff from Bertillon arrived and the investigators decided to quit the apartment and find out how Cosgrave and Naumann were coming along with their questioning of the other tenants in the building. The officer standing at the door pointed down the hall to one of the apartments.

Covering the distance in double-time, Smith called the detectives out into the comparative privacy of the hall. To his question of had anyone heard screams, Cosgrave shook his head.

*You can have
Peggy's brother but
he is going to have
X you right*

The mysterious note discovered by Detective Smith.

"So far, no," he answered glumly. "We've questioned all of the people living on this floor, but no one seems to have heard or seen anything strange last night at about 10:30. We've checked the walls—they're pretty thick. And add to that the fact that it was raining last night and that most of the windows were closed, and you get a general idea why the sound didn't travel."

"Maybe there weren't any screams in the first place," Naumann suggested. "If the assailant felled Miss McNamara with the first blow, she might not have had a chance to cry out."

Smith nodded in agreement. "I think you'd better get over to St. Joseph's Hospital. If Miss McNamara does regain consciousness, I want someone over there. Every minute that goes by in which we don't find a lead means the guy who did this has another minute of undeserved freedom."

Leaving Cosgrave to continue the job of questioning the tenants, Smith and Band returned to the apartment. Notebook in hand, Smith strode over to where Ernest still sat in dazed silence. Perhaps the dying girl's fiancé had overlooked some phase of her life—someone who might have had a motive, say, a jealous lover who had been jilted as a result of Miss McNamara's engagement to Ernest.

The investigators had already agreed—by common consent—that the robbery motive was definitely out. And for good reasons. First, because of the money and jewelry found in the apartment. Second, because of the terrible blows inflicted on the young girl. In robbery cases, where money and other valuables aren't concealed, a burglar counts seconds carefully. His objective is the loot and after that is gotten, his next

thought is to make a quick get-away and not to remain in the apartment beating a woman to near-death and smashing furniture the while.



**Dorothy McNamara
victim of the brutal slaying.**

Ernest tried to be helpful but a half hour later Smith's notebook was still blank. The distraught man explained that while Miss McNamara had known several men at one time or other, just as any young lady would, she never had had any trouble with any of her former beaux. She hadn't been engaged before meeting Ernest, and had not been going with anyone. As a matter of fact, a week back they had been hosts at an engagement party to which both her friends and his, male and female, had been invited.

Smith was about to give up when Detective Band hove to. In his hand was a gray felt fedora. He had found the hat, he explained, among the papers in a trash basket in the kitchen. It had been lying on top of the newspapers dated the day before, which pointed to a recent male visitor.

"Is it yours?" Smith asked, indicating Ernest.

The man took the hat and looked at the inside band. Slowly, he shook his head. "No, I have a gray fedora, but this isn't mine—it's two sizes too large."

When the hat reached Smith's hands, he made a mental note of two details: there were initials inside the headband — KC, and the crown was splattered with several small splotches of white paint. Putting the hat to one side, Smith turned his attention to Ernest again.

"Well, I guess that does it for now," he informed the young man. "You can leave if you want to."

"If you don't mind," Ernest replied quietly, "I think I'll go to the hospital to be with Dorothy, in case . . ." His voice trailed off into a stifled sob.

Since there was nothing further to be gotten from the apartment, the detectives decided to start for headquarters where they could continue the investigation and await whatever news Naumann would phone in from the hospital, where he was maintaining a vigil over the dying girl.

At his desk some time later, Smith read the brief report Bertillon had submitted on their findings: though a number of fingerprints had been found on the window frame in the kitchen, the majority were blurred and worthless, the only clear prints brought out belonging to Miss McNamara herself. Another set of fingerprints found in the apartment was identified as belonging to Joan Miller, Miss McNamara's roommate. In addition, a number of prints were brought out, on which Bertillon had nothing on file, which proved that if the attacker's prints were among that group, he had had no previous record of any kind.

"And there we have it," Smith summed up grimly. "A case that's horrible and brutal, yet a case in which we know nothing about the perpetrator except those things at whose significance we can only guess—a hat and a scrap of paper with a weird sort of threatening message."

"About that note," Cosgrave reflected. "Maybe I'd better trot over to the hospital where Miss McNamara's roommate is a patient. She might know who, if anyone, this 'Peggy's brother' is."

Smith nodded and turned back to the reports just as the phone on his desk jangled. It was Detective Naumann phoning from St. Joseph's. Dorothy McNamara was dead. Despite all that medical skill could do for her, she had succumbed to her injuries a few minutes ago.

"The resident doctor said she died of multiple injuries, both internal and external. Her skull was fractured and several of her ribs crushed. Had she lived, the remainder of her life would have been spent in a wheel chair," Naumann said, relaying the information given him. "The blows about her face were done by fists. The skull fracture and other body bruises were the result of kicks."

"Get back here as quickly as you can," Smith snapped into the mouthpiece. "We'll need every man on the force to join the hunt for this fiend."

About an hour elapsed—an hour which appeared to the investigators to be an eternity—before Cosgrave returned following his interview with Miss McNamara's roommate. The girl had been dumbfounded at the news the detective reported. She, like Ernest, could think of no reason for the brutal slaying of the attractive brunette. However, she did

know of a "Peggy," an old schoolmate of Miss McNamara. Though Miss Miller had on two occasions met the girl, there had not been the formality of last names. Miss Miller was quite sure "Peggy" sang in a night club in Union City. The only description Miss Miller could give of the singer was that she was a statuesque redhead with a husky voice.

"As information," Smith said, "it isn't bad and it isn't good. If she's still working in Union City, it's going to take some heavy gumshoeing on the part of you men to track this 'Peggy' down so we can get a line on her brother—if she has one. Cosgrave, you and Band better get a move on."

Covering the distance between Paterson and Union City in short order, the detectives soon began their systematic check on the

night clubs in search of "Peggy." Some of the spots featured statuesque redheads and a couple of them a singer by the name of Peggy, but none combined the two.

At about two A.M., ready to admit defeat and overpowering weariness, Band and Cosgrave pulled up in front of a night spot flashing a neon sign: The Golden Derby. A signboard to the right of the entrance listed, in bold type and pictures, the entertainment fare. Scanning the line-up, Cosgrave's eyes stopped at the next to the last name: Peggy Powers—Songs in the Powers' Manner.

Entering the club, the detectives were just in time to see an amber spot playing on a beautiful redhead just as her deep-throated voice undulated over the last bar of a torch song. A few pert nods to the customers and the girl had made her exit from the floor and was headed for the dressing-room.

Quickly Band strode over to where the headwaiter stood aloof and haughty, and flashed his badge. He and his partner would like to speak to the young lady who just had finished her act, he explained. Knowing determination and authority when he saw it, the headwaiter lost no time in steering the men to Miss Powers' dressing room.

Wasting no time on preliminaries, Cosgrave voiced the question which might send the investigation steaming ahead or up another blind-alley:

"Miss Powers, do you know Dorothy McNamara?"

The girl looked at the detective sharply. "Wh—hy, yes! Is there anything wrong?"

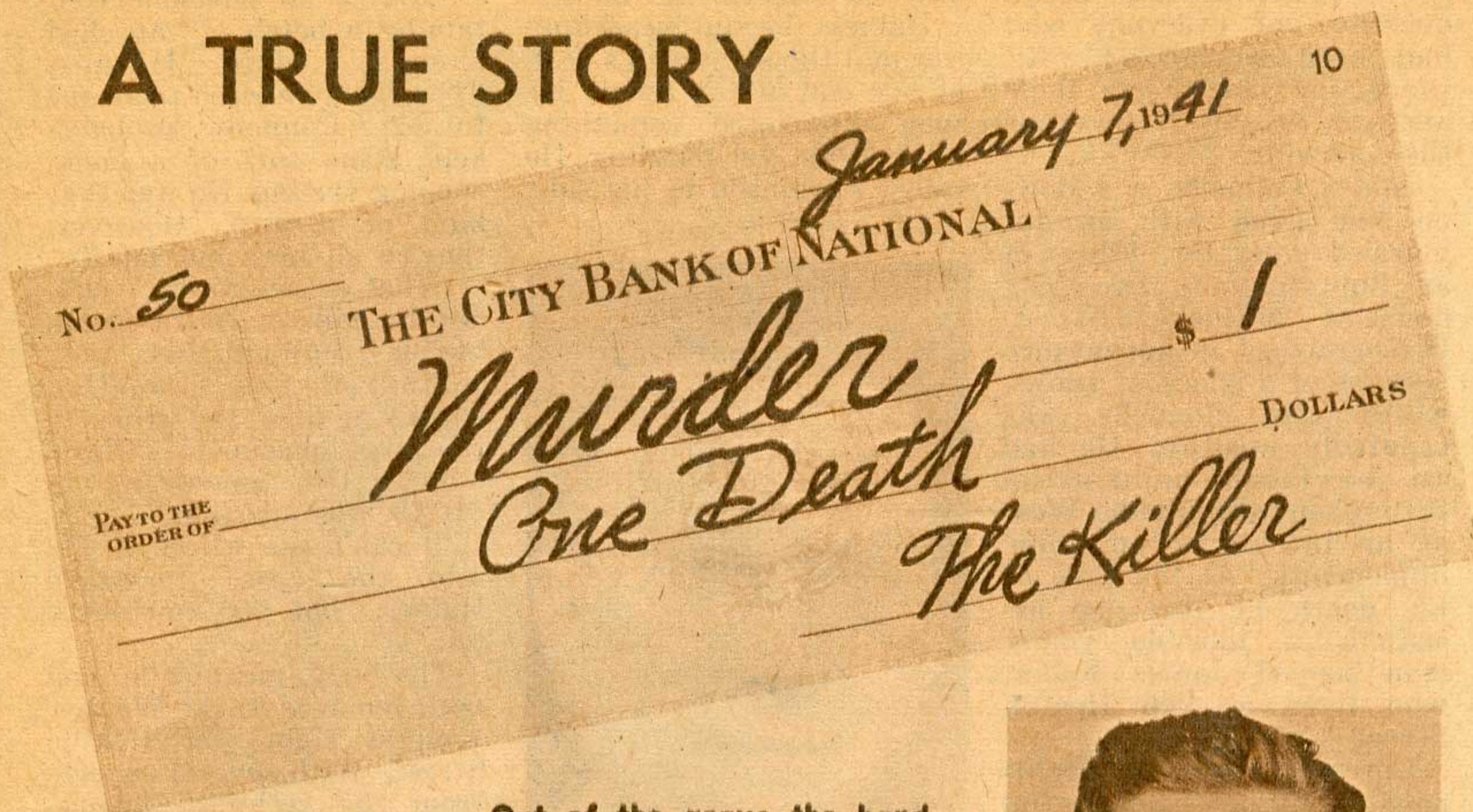
The detective sidestepped the question and led with

Read on—Page A-10



**The Master Detective,
Captain James Smith
who did the lion's share
of the sleuthing**

A TRUE STORY



Out of the grave the hand of the dead victim points an accusing finger at handsome James Keller.

Officers William Garrett and Fred Timmer brought their squad car to a halt before the machine shop of James A. Connelly on South Front Street, Hamilton, Ohio. It was shortly after eight o'clock on the cold night of January 7, 1941.

Two men stood huddled in the doorway. One, a stoutish, heavy-set man, gave his name as Mr. Paul Connelly, brother of the machine shop proprietor, while the younger man identified himself as Phenia Hamilton, of 401 South Front Street.

"What seems to be the trouble?" inquired Timmer.

"My brother usually closes his shop long before this," explained Connelly worriedly. "His daughter, Edna, called by phone and asked if I would see what was detaining him. I found the place locked when I got here and found Jim's dog, Pal, barking. You can hear him."

The low whine of a dog could be heard through the shop's double doors.

"Let's see if we can get inside," said Timmer. They found both front and rear doors locked tight. A window on the side of the building attracted their attention. Assisted by his fellow officer, Garrett managed to force it open and crawl through.

A moment later the doors were opened and the men strode inside. On the floor, head battered, lay the body of James Connelly, the 79-year old machinist-inventor.

While Garrett radioed headquarters, Timmer examined the body. The victim was wearing his overcoat when he was struck down. His cap lay near by. It was apparent he had been dead for some hours. The fire in the coal stove was out. In a corner a white Spitz crouched, whining.

"What time did Mr. Connelly usually close shop?" asked Timmer, turning to the slain man's brother.

"Promptly at five o'clock every evening," he replied.



James Keller.

"It was a strict rule with him. He was methodical and punctual in everything he did."

A few minutes later Chief of Detectives, Herschel Haines, Detectives Stone and Crowthers and Assistant Chief Byron Furginson drove up in a squad car and went inside. Braking his car behind the others was Dr. Garrett J. Boone, Butler County Coroner, who hustled into the shop with his black bag.

Furginson, who resembled a college professor in appearance, took charge of the

investigation. He asked questions of everyone who had been acquainted with the slain man. From their answers he pieced together the following:

James Connelly, a widower, had lived with an unmarried daughter, Edna, in an unpretentious two-story house at 126 Buckeye Street. Distinguished in appearance because of a shock of snowy white hair, Connelly was reputedly wealthy. He had an enviable reputation throughout the Middle West as an inventor of machine implements. At the time of his death he had one assistant, a likeable young man named James Keller, who lived at 906 Heaton Street.

Coroner Boone straightened from his examination of the body. "He was killed by a heavy, blunt instrument," he said. "Most likely an iron bar, or a pipe. His skull was crushed with the first blow, but he received three."

"Can you tell how long he's been dead?" asked Furginson.

"I can guess," said Boone thoughtfully. "I'd say he was killed sometime between four and five o'clock this afternoon."

A search of the murdered man's pockets revealed money and papers. A vest pocket contained an expensive gold watch. It was apparent that robbery, at least, wasn't the motive.

"Let's look around for the murder weapon," suggested Furginson. "We may be lucky."

His advice proved sound, for hidden beneath a pile of miscellaneous pipe was an iron bar some two feet long and approximately twenty pounds in weight. One end was stained red. White hairs adhered to it.

"Handle it carefully," cautioned Furginson. "There

may be fingerprints on it."

Haines began searching through the slain man's desk at one end of the room. He soon discovered something interesting, yet puzzling. He called Furginson to his side.



Assistant Chief Byron Furginson (above) the fearless crime hunter and below, the scene of the bloody murder.

"Here's an envelope containing a batch of cancelled checks," said Haines. "They're numbered from one to 52. Connelly probably kept some sort of a book-keeping system. He was that kind of a guy. However, they're all here but one."

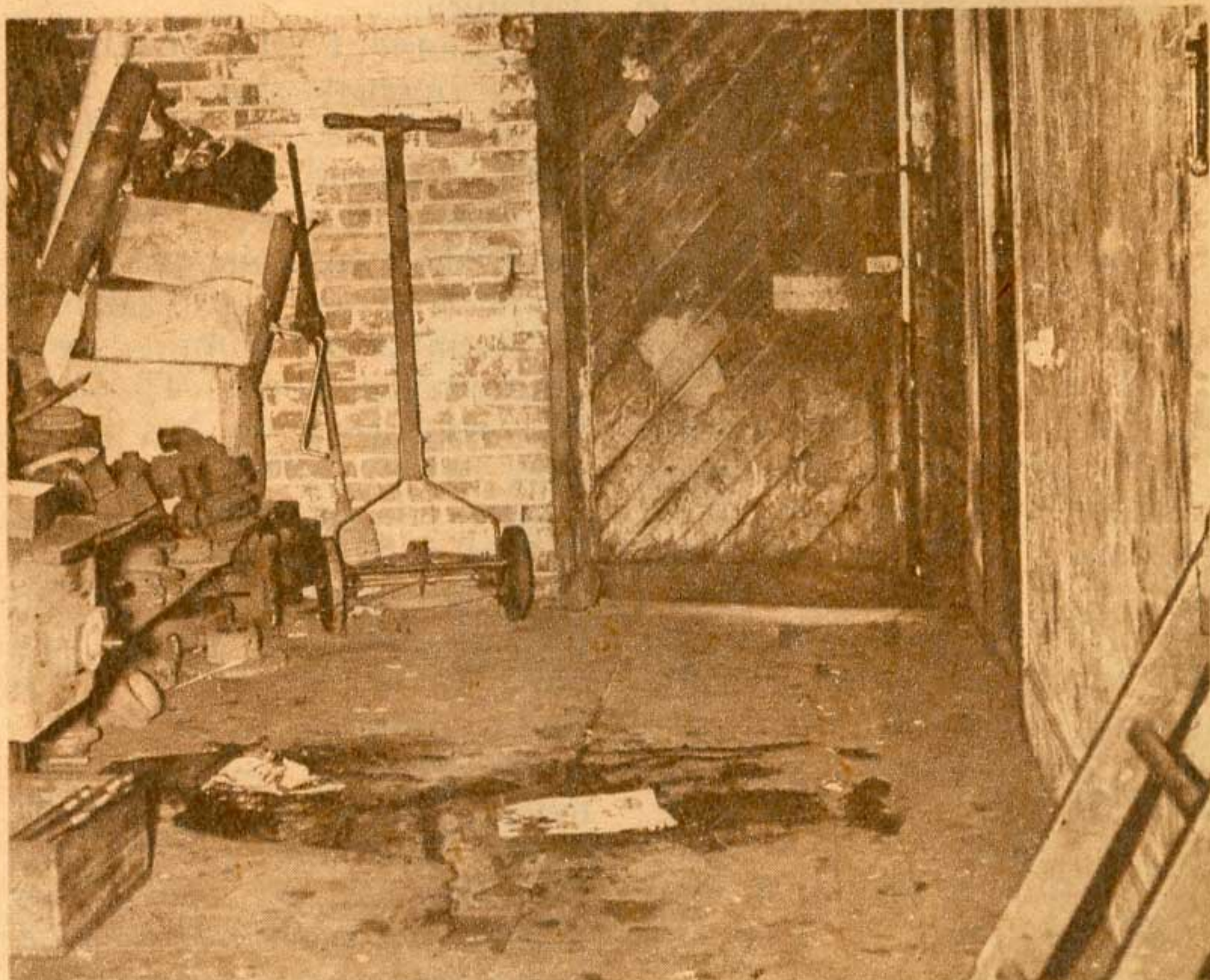
"That is something," nodded Furginson. With painstaking thoroughness they compared the cancelled checks against the stubs in the large checkbook. Check number 50, amounting to \$14.63, was missing.

"I can't see where it fits into the case," mused Haines, "but you can never tell."

The body, meanwhile, had been removed to the Wagner Funeral Home on Heaton Street. With several experts from the technical laboratory taking over the shop, Furginson and Haines drove to the slain man's home on Buckeye Street.

Miss Edna Connelly could shed no light on her father's murder. She explained that Jim Keller, his assistant, had visited her twice that day on errands for her father. Once in the morning

Read on—Page A-15



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Boys! Girls! There's fun and thrills galore in our exciting new *Junior Secret Service Outfit* that has everything in it you need to play Spy, Detective or Junior G-Man . . . including **INVISIBLE INK** made from secret chemicals. Amazing invisible ink that writes messages no one can detect, messages that can be read only by you and those special friends to whom you have given a supply of your private developer. With it you can prevent others from reading your personal letters, records, ideas, inventions, private papers and *diary*. You merely write your message on paper and it disappears like magic! Then when you or your friends wish to read it, you apply developer and *presto!* your message appears again.

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A TRUE STORY

"THAT'S THE KILL SHRIEK"

This is the true story of two men, a maid and a parrot. A man named Linden, short, dumpy and dark, another man named Bach, tall, fair and handsome for his forty years. The maid was of a demure and placid personality, belying a scarlet and deceitful interior and the parrot had green and yellow feathers.

"You know," said Hemlein Bach, "I think perhaps Jock is the smartest, brightest, most intelligent parrot this side of the planet Mars!"

"You do not have to bring the universe into it. Let us just say he is the smartest in Wil, Switzerland!" Bach's fat, dumpy friend paused. "Although I do not think we would be risking too much to say he is best in all Europe too," he added.

From the corner a green speckled bird moved on its perch.

"Kwark," it said. "Kwrak, universe, brightest in universe!"

"Hear that, Linden, hear that! How many birds can say long words like universe?"

"Not many!"

"Or put it in a sentence like Jock did?"

"Maybe a dozen!"

"Bah," shouted Bach, "you are an old fool, Linden, who does not appreciate that I, Hemlein Bach, have the cleverest parrot in the whole world!"

"Perhaps," replied Linden, slipping into his coat. "Perhaps you are right, but for me, I will take a pet that does not talk so much of my business."

It was a month later that Linden called again on his good friend, Hemlein Bach. As he entered the little Swiss chalet on the mountain side, he could plainly see that Hemlein was not in his usual good humour.

"What is the matter, Hemlein? Have you a stomach-ache? Or is it, perhaps, that Jock is not talking in good form these days?"

Bach frowned darkly. "I do not have indigestion and Jock is not losing his voice! It is something deeper!"

"Deeper?"

"Yes, it is a woman. A horrible witch of a girl who is driving me slowly mad and whom I wish I had never met!"

"Ah-h," said Linden, "even at your age the female tortures your heart. Tsk tsk, Hemlein, I thought better of you!"

"And I thought better of her," Bach screamed. "Look what I do . . . I take her out for good times! I heap gifts on her, I spend all my time telling her pretty things! And what does she do!"

"What *does* she do, Hemlein?"

"She goes out with another man, Linden! That's what she does! She tells me lies and goes out with other men! Is that justice?"

"No," said Linden, as he rose to go. "That is not justice, but you are a bigger fool than I think if you do not tell Olga to leap from a mountain and find yourself someone else!"

"You know it is Olga, then!"

"Yes, and so does everyone else in the town, Hemlein. Olga Thromb is very, very pretty, but sometimes I think you are as stupid as she is beautiful!"

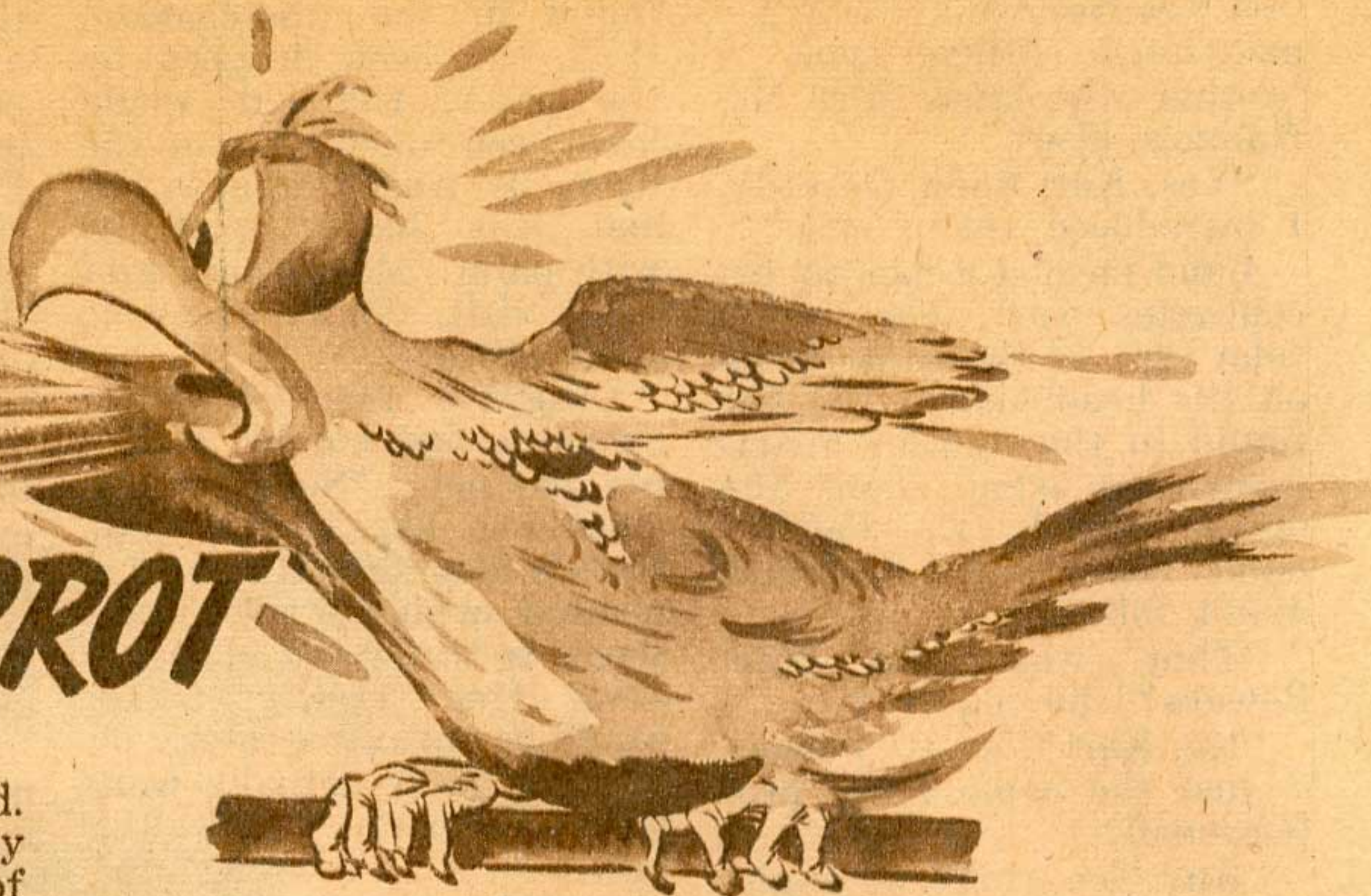
As Mr. Linden quietly closed the front door, Jock looked down from his perch.

"Kwrak," he said. "Olga very, very beautiful . . . beautiful . . . beautiful!"

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ER!!!

ED THE PARROT



finally even that stopped. Hemlein was bad company these days. He spoke of nothing but Olga and cursed softly under his breath most of the time. Only when Jock said some particularly bright sentence did he show any interest and this lasted for but a fleeting moment. It was a lonely winter for Hemlein Bach but the hermit-like existence was self-imposed for he would have none of his friends about and he saw Olga less frequently each month.

Finally, on May 11th, 1943, the blow struck. Olga Thromb was found dead in Hemlein Bach's house. Authorities, finding the brutally slashed body, immediately began to search for Hemlein Bach. They did not have to hunt far, however, for Bach was easily discovered in town and from his horror upon hearing the tragic news, it seemed evident that he knew nothing of the crime.

"I loved her," he cried. "I wouldn't harm a hair of her head! She was the one thing I lived for!"

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"She often came to my place when I was out," he sobbed. "She was free to come and go." Here Bach

stammered and looked up with pain-filled eyes. "B-but I must admit she knew others! It must be that one of them found her there and did this terrible thing!"

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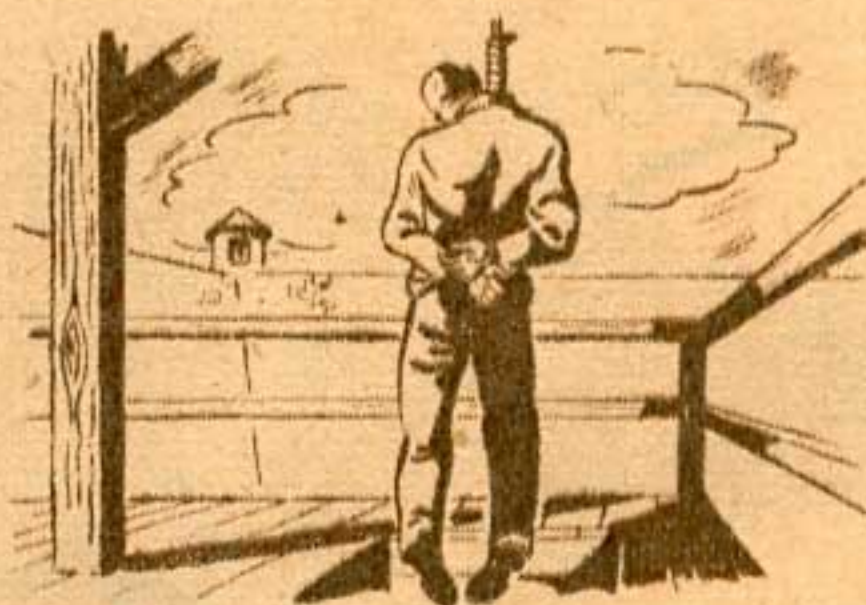
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Once again the trial got under way, and Bach confidently slouched in his seat waiting for these last remaining hours to slip past so he could again be a free man. Suddenly the rear of the courtroom buzzed with excitement. A man had entered carrying a bird. A green parrot.

For a moment Bach froze to his seat. What were they doing with Jock? Why had they brought him here? Was it just a friendly gesture in case he might be convicted? Or was there a devilish purpose behind it? Nervously he sought the eyes of his attorney but could find no glint of confidence there. His attorney knew nothing of the reason for Jock's appearance. The prosecutor was speaking now.

Read on—Page A-15

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A successful hanging, from the medical point of view, is one which results in fracture of the transverse processes of the second cervical vertebra and instantaneous death by injury to the medulla oblongata.

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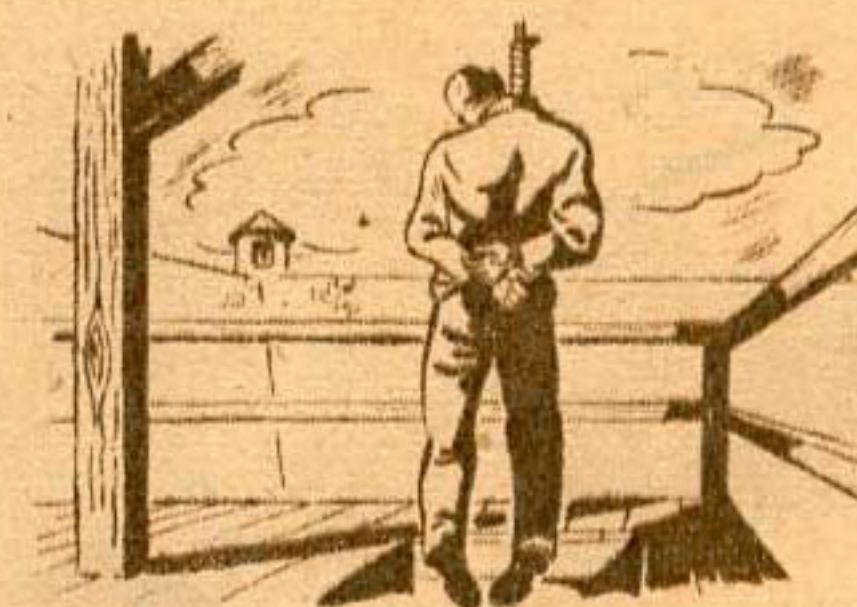
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Cont. from Page A-4

another: "Have you a brother who knew Miss McNamara, also?"

"Yes, Karl knew Dorothy. I introduced them once."

Band flashed a look at his colleague. "Karl! That would take care of the first initial on the headband of the hat found in the murder apartment, but what about the other initial, C. Peggy's name was Powers and that didn't follow."

"That would be Karl Powers?" he inquired.

"No, Karl Coulry. Powers is just the name I use professionally."

"Any idea where we might find him?"

The girl shrugged. "You might try home. I don't live with my family any more, so really wouldn't know."

"Would you know whether Miss McNamara and your brother were carrying on a romance?"

"I'm sure they weren't. Dorothy was engaged and Karl has been going with his own girl for quite some time."

Before departing, Band obtained Miss Powers' home address because late hour or no, Karl Coulry was slated for a session down at headquarters. En route to the home, which was on the outskirts of Paterson, the investigators tore into the case with renewed vigor. It seemed slightly more than coincidence that Coulry's initials should be in the hat, since he had known the slain girl, but one thing which didn't jibe gnawed at Band's thoughts.

"If Coulry's the man we want, how does that tie in with the note: **YOU CAN HAVE PEGGY'S BROTHER BUT HE'S GOING TO HAVE YOU RIGHT?** Sounds to me as though someone were jealous of the fact that the two knew each other. Another thing, the hat was

found in the wastebasket. If it had been dropped by the killer, the hat would have been found lying on the floor. It wasn't a new hat and was badly splotted with paint. Maybe on a previous visit, Coulry threw it away himself."

Cosgrave reached for a cigarette and handed one to his partner. "Sure, maybe what you say is true, but there's also such a thing as planted evidence. The note seems to throw the suspicion away from Coulry, which would be shrewd strategy on his part if he actually were the guilty party. As for the hat, well, what's wrong with his explaining its presence in the apartment with some simple, yet logical story such as the theory you have? You can't convict a man of murder just because his fedora was found at the scene of the crime. The killer probably knows that and in spite of the insane fury he's capable of showing, I'll stake my last dollar on the fact that basically he's coldly calculating and foxy."

With that, the men fell into thoughtful silence until the car drew to a stop in front of the address Miss Powers had given them. About to apply pressure on

the front doorbell, Band nudged his colleague, and pointed out the printed legend above the name: Painting and Interior Decorating. Words which explained the white paint on the hat.

After repeated rings on the bell, the door was opened by an elderly man clad in a bathrobe. His sleep-laden eyes did the best they could to size up the visitors.

"We're looking for Karl Coulry," Band said as a quick opener.

"Karl's gone," the man mumbled. "Went away about an hour ago. Had a suitcase with him, so I guess he'll be gone for a spell."

The information rocked the detectives back on their heels. Gone! Where? Coulry, Senior, didn't know. His son had merely said he was going on a business trip.

Rapidly, Cosgrave did some mental figuring. If Coulry had left home an hour ago, it would take him about a half-hour to reach the railroad station. And at this time of night, trains were few and far between. There was still the chance...

"Come on," he fairly shouted at Band. "We might still be able to catch him."

Not more than fifteen minutes were required to cover the distance to the depot in the high-powered sedan. Brakes screeching in protest, the car skidded to a stop, and in a few seconds the detectives were on the platform peering through the darkness. Their diligence was all in vain—there was no one in sight except the station master who was placidly reading a newspaper in the ticket office.

Cursing under his breath, Cosgrave walked swiftly to the window and inquired when the last train had pulled out. At two o'clock, was the reply. Cosgrave's breath came a bit easier—

It's The Truth



Medical Science says it is a physical impossibility for a murderer to plant a gun in his victim's hand to make it look like suicide. The fingers of a dead man's hand just cannot be made to grasp an object.

two o'clock. That was over an hour and a half ago, and if the elder Coulry hadn't gotten his time confused, Karl Coulry couldn't have been on that train. Had the station master sold a young man, carrying a suitcase, a ticket to any point within the past hour? Nope, he was positive.

"We'd better get right over to the bus terminal," Band noted, as the men climbed back into the car. "That would be the last means of transportation he'd have to leave the city."

At the bus terminal a few blocks away, the men seemed to fare no better. Although there were people taking up space in the waiting room, none fitted the young man for whom they were looking. However, when Band mentioned a young man with a suitcase, the ticket agent nodded. He had sold him a ticket to Pittsburgh about a half-hour ago on a bus that wasn't due to pull in for another twenty minutes.

Though the terminal was searched carefully, there was no trace of the elusive Coulry. Finally, Cosgrave scratched his chin reflectively and asked the agent where the nearest all-night diner was. At this point, Band exploded.

"Oh, fine! We spend the better part of the evening looking for this Coulry guy, and now when we're hot on the trail, you decide to get hungry."

"Hasn't it occurred to you that the chances for getting something to eat on long bus trips are pretty slim, and the wise thing to do before boarding the bus would be to grab a sandwich?"

Evidently, Cosgrave's idea was shared by someone else. In the diner, around the corner from the terminal, they spotted a young man seated at the counter. At his feet was a suitcase. Occasionally,

he would look up from the plate of scrambled eggs before him and throw a furtive glance over his shoulder.

The detectives stepped up quietly behind him. Gently, Band tapped him on the shoulder. "Thinking of leaving Paterson, Coulry?"

The man swung around on the stool as though propelled by some unseen force. His face was a pasty gray and his mouth produced sound with great difficulty.

"Wh—why, I don't know what you mean. My name's Decker."

"Got anything to prove it?"

The man nodded and started reaching in his pockets. Thinking he had the men off guard, he suddenly shoved Band to one side and headed for the door. He didn't quite make it—Cosgrave stopped that with a flying tackle.

A half-hour later, and greatly subdued, Coulry was piloted into Captain Smith's office. Some of the color had returned to his face and his hands rested quietly at his

sides. Somehow, Cosgrave and Band couldn't get over the disconcerting feeling that Coulry seemed actually happy to be visiting headquarters.

After Smith was given the facts, the questioning began:

"How well were you and Dorothy McNamara acquainted?"

"We were friends. My father's in the painting business but we haven't a phone at home. Miss McNamara was kind enough to take my father's business calls on her phone. I'd stop by for a few minutes several nights a week to pick up whatever messages might have come in."

"Were you there the night she was beaten and left to die?" Band asked coldly.

At those words, Coulry was stripped of all composure again. He shook his head from side to side while the bright light glinted on the beads of perspiration dotting his face.

"Did you leave this hat up in Miss McNamara's apartment?" Cosgrave asked, handing the hat over to Coulry.

The man eyed the hat and finally nodded.

"When did you leave it there?"

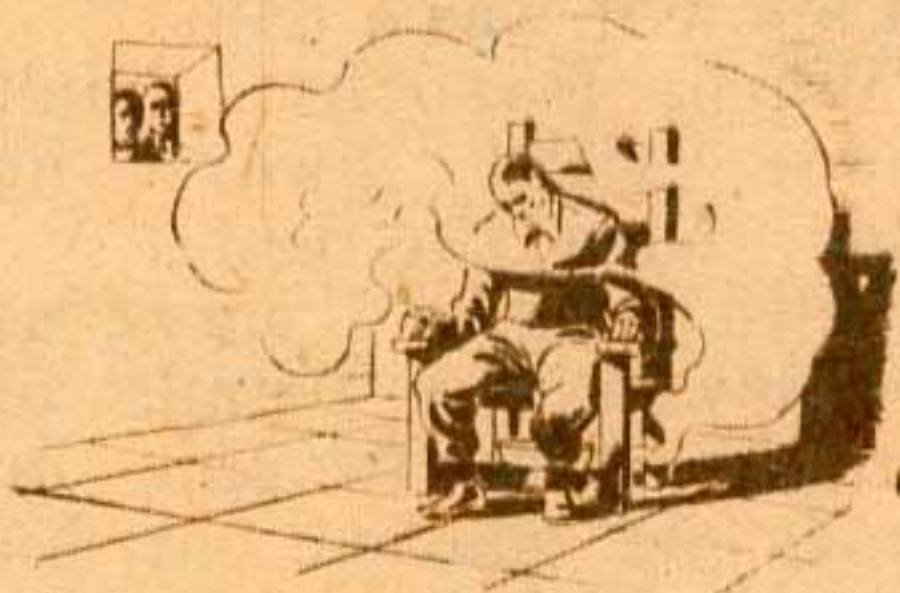
"Last week sometime—when I was up there last."

"That's a lie," Naumann said sharply. "The hat was resting on top of a newspaper dated the day before yesterday. Besides, how come you didn't stop by and pick it up?"

"I'd bought a new one. The other was pretty seedy. I was wearing the old one and carrying the new hat in a bag when I saw Dorothy last. She asked me to try it on, and when I did she refused to let me wear the other home."

When asked why he was leaving town, Coulry was

It's The Truth



Killers are officially executed by poison gas in eight states—Arizona, California, Colorado, Missouri, Nevada, North Carolina, Oregon and Wyoming. Invited witnesses peer into the gas chamber through hermetically sealed glass windows as balls of cyanide of potassium make contact with sulphuric acid in a mixing bowl beneath the condemned man's chair. Death results in from ten to fifteen minutes.

silent. As a matter of fact, the further the questioning progressed, the less he had to say except that he didn't kill Miss McNamara.

"Why should I do such a terrible thing? I wasn't jealous of Dorothy and I wasn't in love with her. We were just friends, I tell you!"

Smith showed him the note and demanded if he had ever seen it before. Coulry swore he knew nothing about it.

They were getting nowhere rapidly, until Cosgrave walked over to where the man was sitting. "Tell me something, Coulry," he asked softly. "Why were you acting like a wildcat in the diner, then when you found out we were the police, you calmed down? Was it out of respect, or just that we were the lesser of two evils?"

"I don't get you," Coulry stalled cautiously.

"O.K., I'll break it down: Who are you afraid of? You weren't running away from the police. If you were, you wouldn't have waited so long to get your walking papers, and would have high-tailed it immediately after the murder."

For a moment, Coulry sat as though he were a stone image, then slowly nodded. "Yeah, I am afraid . . . afraid the same thing will happen to me. If he ever finds me, he'll kill me, I know!"

Smith leaned closer. He was almost afraid to breathe lest Coulry suddenly snap back into his silence. "Start from the beginning and quit being afraid. If necessary, you'll get protection."

"Well, you men were right. I was there the night that terrible thing happened to Dorothy. I had come up to see about my father's telephone calls. We joked a little about my hat, like I told you, and she tossed it in the

trash basket, making me wear the new one.

"For some reason, I got the feeling that Dorothy didn't want me to leave. She fixed up some sandwiches and coffee and we sat around talking. Then, out of a clear sky, she said: 'Karl, I'm afraid.' At first I thought she was kidding, but she wasn't. She was scared—scared silly about something. I asked her what, or who, and she wouldn't tell me.

"While we were talking, the doorbell rang—five short rings. Then I knew what she was afraid of—it was the person at the door. She became panicky and told me to hurry out of the apartment by way of the fire escape. I told her I would stay but she said it would be worse for her if I did—so I left. I—I read about her death in the papers and decided to get out of town before he'd track me down."

"Did you see the man?" Cosgrave asked quickly.

"No, I guess Peggy stalled until she was sure I had gone."

"If you didn't see who came in the apartment," Naumann observed with narrowed eyes, "then how do you know it was a man?"

"When Dorothy didn't answer right away, he yelled: 'Open the door.'"

Smith remained silent as he allowed the details of Coulry's story to sink in. Finally he snuffed out his cigarette and fixed his eyes on the man. "Outwardly, your story sounds O.K., but remember, we have no proof of your innocence other than your own word, and until proof is found, you will be held as a material witness."

After the man had been led away, Smith leaned back in his chair and lit another cigarette. "That was a terrific job you men did on hunting down Coulry," he said, addressing Cosgrave and Band. "If it hadn't been

for your work, the murderer would still be unknown."

All eyes centered on the speaker. "But if you think Coulry's the killer, why did you book him as a material witness instead of arraigning him for murder?" Naumann demanded incredulously.

"But Coulry isn't the man we want," Smith stated emphatically.

"Well, who is?"

"Albert Ernest," was the astonishing reply.

Smith waited briefly for the questions to die down before attempting to go into an explanation of his idea. "You all remember when Ernest told us he had received a phone call from Miss McNamara, at approximately 10:30, the night she was beaten. Well, if Coulry's story is true—and I have a hunch it is—he was with the slain girl until shortly before she opened the door to admit her killer. How could she possibly have made that call?"

"Maybe the murderer took out after Coulry. That would have given her time . . ." Cosgrave countered.

Smith shook his head slowly. "I doubt it. Why should he go after Coulry when Miss McNamara was there in the apartment—a perfect target for the bestial temper which mounted inside him as he stood outside the door hearing a man's voice in the apartment?"

"But why, in heaven's name, would Ernest do a thing so horrible?"

Smith snorted. "Try reasoning with a man who is insanely jealous. He probably found out that Coulry was up to the apartment several times.

"Do you think he was the one who wrote that note?" Band wanted to know.

Again Smith nodded. "Yes, but unless we're careful, we'll have a devil of a time proving that he did.

From the handwriting, I'd say Ernest doesn't do much writing. It isn't likely that we'll find any letters to which we can compare the note. Furthermore, if we apply pressure and have him give us a sample of his penmanship, I'm sure he'll get what we're driving at and do his damndest to disguise the letters."

"Want us to bring him in?" Naumann inquired.

"Yeah. But before you leave here, get a search warrant and go over his place with a fine-tooth comb."

When Detectives Band and Cosgrave returned to Smith's office thirty minutes after their departure, they had with them Ernest, who was looking a trifle irritated.

"After all, Captain," he protested, "I've my work to attend to. I thought I had helped you as best I could and I don't see why I should be dragged down here again."

Smith smiled amiably. "I can understand the inconvenience you've been put through, but the fact still remains: you can help us immeasurably."

Ernest's brow wrinkled. "Can I? How?"

"By confessing to the murder of your fiancée."

The words didn't seem to take immediately, but when they did, Ernest gaped at the investigator. "But you're crazy! I loved Dorothy! What are you trying to do—pin a bum rap on me?"

"No, but you'll take care of that for us," Cosgrave snapped.

Ernest said nothing, merely crossed his arms and stared at a point directly above Smith's head. Even when he was finger-printed he offered no comment of any kind.

Since Bertillon had been asked to rush the prints through, a report was received in short order. Albert Ernest, well-to-do contrac-

tor, was in reality Alberto Agnese, small-time racketeer who had served time in 1934. It was an interesting side-light on the 'contractor's' past, but the information did nothing to speed the accumulation of evidence against Agnese on a murder charge.

While the men were waiting impatiently for Naumann to return from Agnese's apartment, Smith casually handed the man a sheet of paper and a pencil.

"If you don't mind," he said blandly, "I'd like you to jot down your movements on the night your fiancée was assaulted. We'll check on them, and if we've been mistaken, you'll be free to go."

Agnese took the pencil, and by the time Naumann had entered the office, he had a half page of writing scrawled on the paper. That was all Smith wanted. Losing no time, Smith dispatched the handwriting sample and the note found in Miss McNamara's purse to Eldridge Stein, noted graphologist. If the writing on the two were in any manner similar, Stein was the man who could make an accurate comparison.

That detail taken care of, Smith looked questioningly at Naumann who had a brown parcel tucked under his arm.

"I think this'll do it," he said, slapping the bundle down on Smith's desk. "Found a blood-stained shirt and a pair of shoes with spots that might be blood, in the truck compartment of Ernest's car. The medical examiner will be able to tell us if the blood came from Miss McNamara."

In less than an hour, the reports from the graphologist and the medical examiner were on Smith's desk. The handwriting on the note referring to "Peggy's brother," definitely be-

longed to Agnese. The medical examiner's finding seemed to cinch the case—the blood on the shirt and shoes was that of Miss McNamara.

Even though he was told of the damning evidence which had piled up against him, Agnese refused to admit his guilt in the brutal slaying. Finally, Agnese broke.

His confession followed Smith's theories down to almost the minutest detail:

He had known Coulry was accustomed to going up to Miss McNamara's apartment. Even though the girl had explained to him the reason for the visits, Agnese had become infuriated, thinking she had been cheating on him. Finally he had threatened her with physical injury if he ever caught them together.

On the night of Coulry's last visit, he had unexpectedly arrived at the apartment and through the door had heard a man's voice. When his fiancée finally opened the door, he rushed in and without warning started to rain blows at her face. She had had no opportunity to scream for help. When she fell to the floor, Agnese said, he began to kick her. He then ripped apart the apartment and fled to his home where he hid his shirt and shoes in his car with the intention of disposing of them.

On June 14th, 1935, Alberto Agnese was found guilty of murder in the second degree and sentenced to serve a term of twenty years at hard labor in the New Jersey State Prison, for the hideous killing of his sweetheart, Dorothy McNamara.

The names Peggy Powers, Peggy Coulry and Karl Coulry are fictitious to protect the identity of persons innocently involved in the slaying of Dorothy McNamara.

The End

FUN! THRILLS! EXCITEMENT! America's Future is in the Air- LEARN HOW TO FLY

It's EASY with this New,
EXCITING FLYING GAME
which includes a complete, authentic
FLYING COURSE
and De Luxe
**PRE-FLIGHT TRAINER
COCKPIT**

Tomorrow All The World Will Fly!
Play This Game and YOU'LL Learn to Fly With It!

It's like a dream come true! Imagine having equipment similar to what thousands of Air Heroes and Flying Aces of today used in classrooms for their first flying lessons! Equipment designed by the men who headed our Air Forces! Equipment that helped solve the momentous task of training our pilots quickly and thoroughly. Yes, that's how Uncle Sam did it—with perfectly reproduced replicas of actual controls and instrument panels. Up to now these time-saving short-cuts to air mastery were unavailable to civilians, but at last this sensational offer opens the doors of the sky to you! Yes, by a special arrangement we are now able to offer you a complete course in pre-flight aviation training together with replica controls and instrument board similar to equipment used in official Air Force Training Schools. And we've put it up in game form so that you can enjoy yourself as you learn!

YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF TO GET THIS COMBINATION OF INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT! Look at the complete and realistic instrument board shown at the right! It's 16" high and 20" wide, and contains every instrument and dial essential to flying. It's not just a toy, but a true-to-life sturdy, durable replica of the real thing beautifully lithographed in full color. The dials on the panel are tachometer, air speed, turn and bank indicator, rate of climb, altimeter, clock, compass, fuel gauge, and oil temperature. The board also includes throttle, gas-line and ignition switches, and last but not least, a cross-hair bombsight and an automatic precision bomb release. The levers and needles are movable and can be set for any aerial maneuver. The control stick and wheel is 20" high and the rudder pedals work on a resilient spring-action principle.

ALL FOR
ONLY

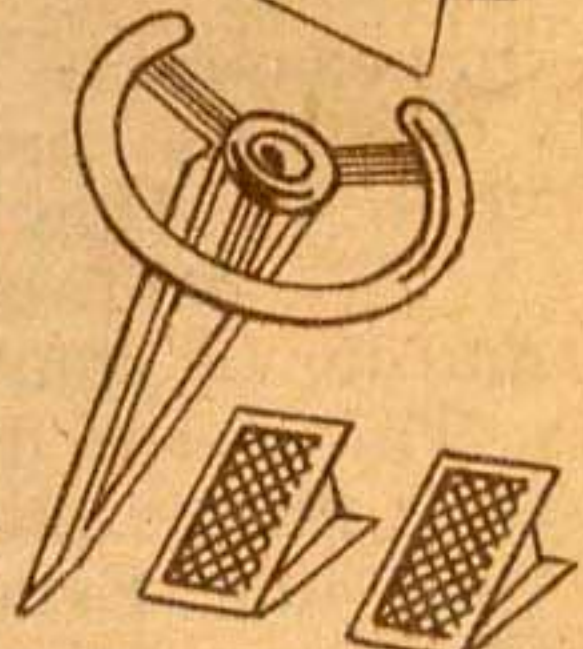
\$2⁴⁹

POST PAID

ALL PRINCIPLES OUTLINED IN "HOW TO FLY" BOOK

It's everything you need to learn flying principles, and offers thrills galore even while you're learning! You are both pilot and bombardier winging your exciting way through the sky dropping block-busters as you go. And all the while you'll glow with pride as you realize you are really absorbing the actual fundamentals of flying! So if you know what's good for you it's off you go into the bright blue yonder—enjoying the sensational flying thrills this exciting new game has to offer—thrills you can put into practice because it teaches you just how and why a plane flies.

CONTAINS OVER 200 PICTURES
This great book has been edited by experienced pilots and aviation experts. Lessons are written in plain ABC language and graphically illustrated to teach the art, the science, and the joy of flying. It tells EVERYTHING from take-off to super-duper stunting.



PILOT'S PHYSICAL FITNESS TEST INCLUDED

Nothing has been left out of this remarkable combination of aviation instruction, practice and entertainment. Even down to a complete Pilot's Physical Fitness Kit and Flying Aptitude Quiz. These are of vital importance to all aviation students and are patterned after the standard tests given by all aviation examiners. These tests are easy to understand and simple to follow, and besides their usefulness to you for purposes of determining your rating, you can have more fun than a picnic using it as a parlor game by rating your friends and family. All material, including eye chart, color blindness test charts and eye mask, is supplied without one extra penny of cost.



SEND NO
MONEY
★
MAIL
COUPON
NOW

DON'T DELAY! ORDER TODAY!
With flying all the rage the demand is sure to exceed our limited supply. So you'd better order now to be sure of getting yours. Do it TODAY and avoid disappointment. Sold on a "More-Than Your Money's Worth" GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION.

YOU GET **BOMBING GAME**



COMPLETE WITH
CROSS-HAIR BOMBSIGHT

You'll say it's the most entertaining game you've ever seen because it's so realistic. Includes 24 full-color 3-dimensional miniatures of Planes, Battleships, Tanks, Bridges and Heavy Artillery plus 2 revolving air, land and sea maps on

which targets are placed. Ingenious combinations of mirrors provides illusion of high altitude. Takes real skill to sight your objective through bombsight, on instrument panel but when you do, your "Bombs Away" means a direct hit every time.

Included
AT NO EXTRA COST



NATIONAL NOVELTIES—Flight 17
608 South Dearborn St.—Chicago 5, Ill.

Please rush my Pre-Flight Trainer Cockpit and Authentic Flying Course complete with "How to Fly" Book, Pilot's Physical Fitness Test and Aptitude Quiz. Also include Bombing Game and Targets at no extra cost. I understand that if I am not satisfied I can return my purchase within 5 days for a refund.

CHECK ONE

☐ I am enclosing \$2.49 for payment in full. Send my complete outfit POSTPAID.

☐ Send my complete outfit C.O.D. I will pay postman \$2.49 plus postage charges.

Name
Please Print Clearly.

Address

City

State

Cont. from Page A-6

and again about four in the afternoon.

They thanked her and drove to the young man's home on Heaton Street. They found him out but his father promised to send him to police headquarters for questioning the moment he arrived home.

Back at his office, Furginson found reports on his desk. Only one report aroused his interest. It stated that Charles Duvall, a friend of the slain man, had visited the shop at four o'clock, but found the place locked.

"Suppose the killer was someone familiar to everyone in the block. His coming and going wouldn't attract attention."

"James Keller," answered Furginson. "Everyone knew he worked for Connelly."

"But how about a motive?" asked Haines.

Before he could answer, the door opened and a medium-sized, rather good looking young man entered. He announced he was James Keller. When he was seated, Furginson asked:

"What time did you leave the shop today?"

"About three o'clock," replied Keller. "Mr. Connelly sent me to buy a soldering iron. He said I needn't come back until morning. He was all right when I left him."

"I see," said Furginson, studying the young man.

"Why did you kill your boss?" he snapped at Keller.

Keller flushed. "You're crazy!" he exclaimed. "Why should I kill him?"

"It wasn't what he hadn't done, it was what he was going to do," said Furginson. "Our men found two cancelled checks in Connelly's desk that you forged. He had them clipped together with a notation on them about it. He was precise and exact in everything. He gave you another chance

but you forged still another one. That's why one check was missing from the pile he got from the bank today. Isn't that right?"

Keller twisted nervously in the chair, looking about him helplessly. He shrugged.

"Yes, I killed him," he mumbled. "He caught two checks I had forged. He threatened to send me to jail if I did it again. Today when the letter came from the bank he found another one. He put on his cap and coat and said he was going to the police to file a warrant for my arrest. I was desperate. I picked up the iron bar and let him have it."

"I took the check from his pocket and burned it, but forgot all about the other two in his desk. I picked up a soldering iron and went to his home and talked with his daughter. That would give me an alibi, I thought."

When Keller had been led away to be booked for murder, Furginson said: "If it hadn't been for that old man's meticulous habits, the killer might have gotten away with murder."

James Keller was indicted for first degree murder and went on trial in Middletown, Ohio, before Judge Fred B. Cramer on February 6th. He was found guilty. On February 15th he was sentenced to spend the rest of his days behind bars

The End

Cont. from Page A-9

"We should like to introduce as our next and last witness, Jock, the defendant's pet parrot!"

As the judge's gavel brought order to the excited courtroom, the defense attorney leaped to his feet. "I object," he screamed. "A bird or an animal cannot be witness against a man in a murder trial!"

Now a birdtrainer stood up. He stroked Jock's head. He talked to him softly. "What did you hear, Jock?" he coaxed. "Tell us what you heard!"

Jock looked into the trainer's eyes and blinked. "You have been unfaithful," he shrieked. "I told you I'd kill you . . . no, no!"

As the courtroom froze into silence Jock shrieked on. "Don't stab me, Hemlein! Oh, how could you!"

When the commotion died down the judge spoke once again. He instructed the jury to regard the bird's testimony only as any other exhibit. But as the jury filed out that day the hand of doom had settled on Hemlein Bach. Twenty hours later when the verdict of guilty in the first degree was returned, Linden looked over at the stricken Bach. "Well, Hemlein," he said softly, "there is the justice of which you spoke so much!"

The End

It's The Truth



The standard alibi in firearms accident cases—"I didn't think it was loaded"—pointed up more than 2,500 fatal shootings in the past year alone. Most of the lives snuffed out were those of innocent children. In many cases the lethal weapons were battle-front souvenirs — Nazi Mauser and Sauer automatics, for example.

AMAZING INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

Do You Want
LONGER HAIR?

**MAKE THIS EASY
7-DAY TEST...**

FULLY GUARANTEED



**LONGER HAIR
Dresses Better
In Latest Styles**

★ ★ ★ **THEN TRY THIS**
PROVEN EASY SYSTEM ON YOUR HAIR
... Helps Prevent Brittle Ends From Breaking Off!

HERE IS THRILLING NEW HOPE for millions who want their dry, lusterless, unruly, brittle and breaking off hair more lovely ... longer. The Juelene SYSTEM has helped men and women all over the nation to find new happiness and confidence in more beautiful, healthy appearing hair. Yes, hair may get longer—the scalp and hair condition being otherwise normal—if the breaking-off process of dry, brittle ends can be retarded. That's why Juelene is such a natural way to help your hair gain its normal beauty. This wonderful SYSTEM helps relieve hair dryness that is caused by lack of natural oils. It helps soften harsh, brittle ends, thus giving your hair a chance to get longer once the breaking-off and the splitting ends have been curbed. If your hair is dry, rough and hard to keep neat, try the easy Juelene SYSTEM for just 7 days. See if Juelene's tendency to soften harsh, difficult-to-manage hair can help yours to become softer, silkier, more lustrous than it has been before—in just one short week! You may win compliments from both men and women who admire and envy your hair in its new lovely beauty.

**TEST JUELENE
FOR 7 DAYS**

**Thrilling Results or
MONEY BACK IN FULL!**

That's all we ask you to do. Just make the convincing Juelene test for 7 days and see for yourself if your brittle, splitting hair can be softened, made more sparkling and lovely. Your mirror will tell you the thrilling results and so will your friends! If you aren't absolutely amazed with the glistening sheen... if you aren't delighted with the ease in which you can manage your hair, we will refund every cent of your money. What could be fairer? This proves to you how excellent we think the results will be! So don't wait. Mail the coupon right now. And like thousands of others you may find new beauty, be rightfully proud of your hair. You run no risk because you have absolute guarantee of delightful results or your money back. Send for it now!

★ ★ ★ **MAIL 7-DAY TRIAL
COUPON NOW!**

If you do want longer hair, mail the coupon today. Then test Juelene and notice the remarkable difference in the appearance of your hair—lustrous and well-dressed. See how nicely it lies in place, how easily it combs. With our positive guarantee you can't lose, and have everything in your favor to gain. So make this effort now. Send the Introductory Coupon immediately!

JUEL CO., 1930 Irving Park Road, Dept. B-623, Chicago 13, Ill.

Marvelous Help
FOR DRY, BRITTLE HAIR

Dry hair is not only hard to manage but a continual source of embarrassment. Why be ashamed of unlovely hair when it may be so easy to make it beautiful, sparkling with new healthy looks, lovely luster. A woman's hair is one of the first things noticed by men—sleek, shining, glamorously long hair is always alluring. And men, too, attract admiring attention when their hair lies smooth, thick and neat. Try Juelene. See how much more beautiful your hair may be in such a short time, after the dry hair condition has been relieved. Actually make your hair your "crowning glory"! This introductory offer gives you an opportune chance to prove to yourself that you, too, may have sparkling ... longer hair! Be convinced!—Send for your Juelene NOW.

**Make This 7-Day Test
... SEND NO MONEY!**

JUST MAIL THE CONVENIENT INTRODUCTORY COUPON! Upon arrival of Juelene pay Postman \$1.00 plus postage. Or if you prefer, send a remittance with your order—we will pay the postage. Then test Juelene. Notice how much more silky and soft your hair may be in just seven short days. So take advantage of this INTRODUCTORY, GET-ACQUAINTED-OFFER today—NOW, and know at last the happiness of possessing really lovelier hair.

INTRODUCTORY COUPON...

**JUEL COMPANY, Dept. B-623
1930 Irving Park Road, Chicago 13, Ill.**

Yes, I want easy-to-manage, longer hair. I will try the JUELENE SYSTEM for 7 days. If my mirror doesn't show satisfactory results, I will ask for my money back.

- ☐ I am enclosing \$1.00
☐ Send C. O. D. plus postage

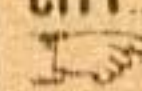
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZONE _____

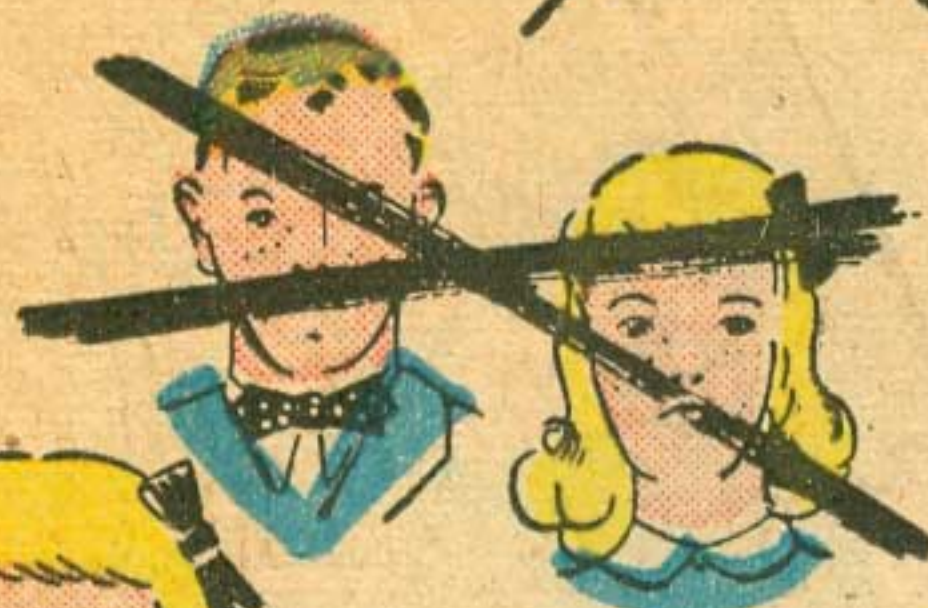
STATE _____

 **Our Customers Participate in Gifts**

YOUR EMBARRASSING SKIN CONDITION MAY BE OVERCOME!

PIMPLES CLEARED BLACKHEADS CHECKED

This Easy, Safe, New Way **OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!**



CROSS OFF YOUR UNPLEASANT "HICKEY" PROBLEM TODAY TEST THE THRILLING NEW KLEEREX METHOD



★ OVERNIGHT YOU SHOULD SEE A MIRACULOUS DIFFERENCE IN THE APPEARANCE OF YOUR SKIN NOW BLEMISHED WITH PIMPLES OF EXTERNAL ORIGIN!

So easy to use.. Harmless.. Greaseless!

Do you want a clearer complexion, free from acne itch, unsightly pimples and blackheads that cause so many fellows and girls embarrassment? Don't let blemishes of outward origin make you self-conscious, cause you unhappiness and mar your normal good looks. Now you, too, may enjoy clearer, smoother, healthier looking skin by making this simple *overnight* test with KLEEREX, the amazing new skin lotion that actually helps clear up acne itch, pimples and blemishes, externally caused; and tends to check blackheads. KLEEREX is so easy to use that you'll be amazed! No more fussing with messy preparations. Greaseless, liquid KLEEREX dries on skin, leaves no stains on pillows or clothing! In the morning, you should see a remarkable difference in the very appearance of your skin! The skillfully blended medicated ingredients in KLEEREX are perfectly safe; contains no mercury, nothing harmful. Make this convincing test and prove to yourself that KLEEREX may dry up your pimples and clear them up sooner than you ever dreamed possible. Remember, noticeable results are guaranteed or double your money back! Just mail the coupon now.

IF YOU WANT A CLEARER COMPLEXION, DO WHAT JANE AND BOB DID:



IF YOU DON'T SEE A DEFINITE CHANGE IN YOUR SKIN'S APPEARANCE OVERNIGHT YOU GET THIS WONDERFUL BONUS!

KLEEREX has the enthusiastic praise of thousands of users who, to their thrilled surprise, found their skin clearer, smoother and fresher-looking after first application. Don't put up with acne itch, pimples and blackheads any longer. Make this easy test right away and then see the difference yourself. If your externally caused blemishes aren't quickly dried, if KLEEREX doesn't help clear your skin, return and get **DOUBLE** yes **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!** Act now—mail coupon today.

Send No Money—MAIL COUPON

Meet people unashamed and self-confident, when skin looks clearer. Send for your trial of KLEEREX on the special introductory offer that may mean so much to your future happiness, popularity and good looks. Send no money. Just mail coupon. Upon arrival of package, pay postman only \$1.00 plus postage. Cash orders sent postpaid. If you aren't thrilled with the different appearance of your skin, return package and get **DOUBLE** your money back. Don't wait. Mail the coupon now!

KLEEREX CO., Dept. 16-BC, 2005 S. Michigan, Chicago 16, Illinois

MAKE THIS AMAZING TEST AT OUR RISK—MAIL COUPON TODAY

Just fill out the convenient coupon below and mail it. Upon arrival make the amazingly easy KLEEREX test. Just cleanse your face, then apply KLEEREX with brush provided. Notice how quickly KLEEREX dries on the skin, medicating at the same time it helps heal acne itch and pimples of outward origin. Then see the astounding results next morning. You won't risk a thing... should gain so much. Order your KLEEREX now.

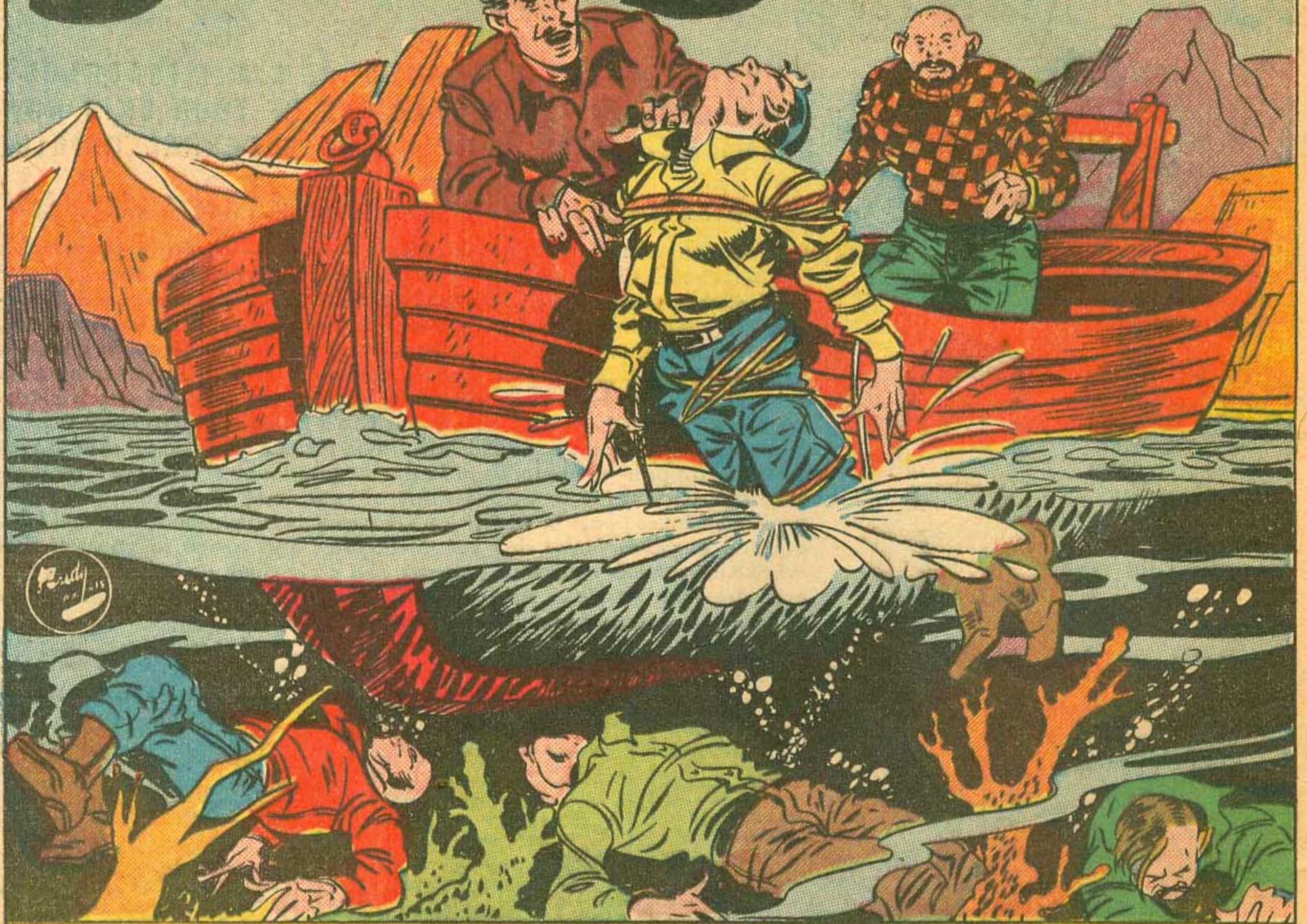
RUSH THIS COUPON NOW!

KLEEREX CO., Dept. 16-BC, 2005 S. Michigan, Chicago 16, ILL.
I want to test KLEEREX to help clear up pimples, acne itch (externally caused). I'll pay postman \$1.00 plus C.O.D. postage on arrival with understanding that I may return package for **DOUBLE MY MONEY BACK** if not satisfied. (\$1.00 enclosed with coupon and you pay postage.)

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

DEATH^{IN} DAWSON



IT LOOKED LIKE THE PERFECT MURDER RACKET! THERE COULD BE NO SLIP-UP.....THEY THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING! BUT ONE THING WAS FORGOTTEN! THEY FORGOT ALL ABOUT THE NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE WHEN THEY PLANNED "DEATH IN DAWSON"!

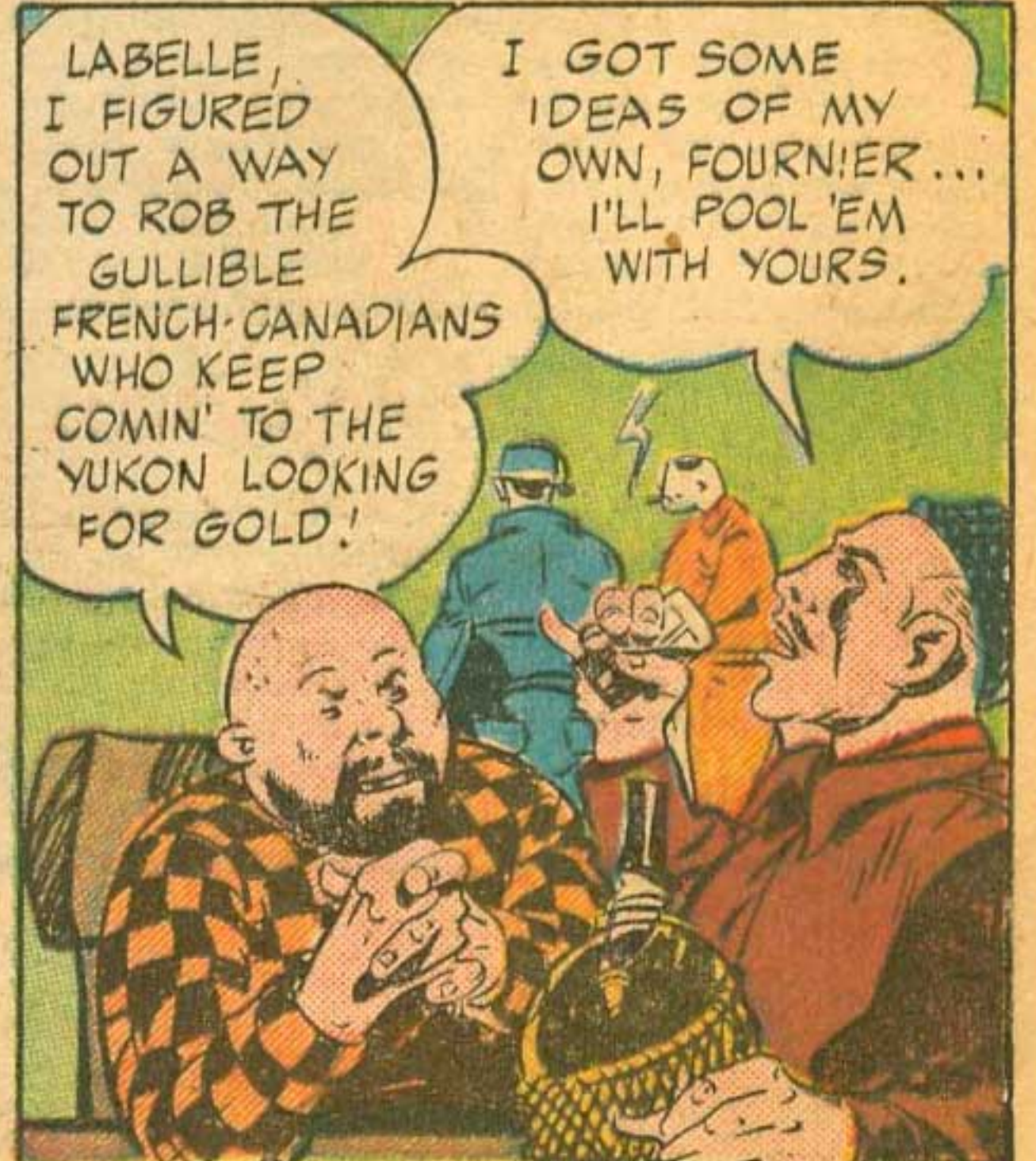
(A TRUE CRIME STORY)

ONE AFTERNOON IN DAWSON, CANADA IN 1902....



HELLO, FOURNIER... I HEAR YOU'RE LOOKING FOR ME! WHAT'S THE SUDDEN INTEREST?

AS NEAT A RACKET AS YOU'D WANT. SIT DOWN AND LISTEN...



LABELLE, I FIGURED OUT A WAY TO ROB THE GULLIBLE FRENCH-CANADIANS WHO KEEP COMIN' TO THE YUKON LOOKING FOR GOLD!

I GOT SOME IDEAS OF MY OWN, FOURNIER... I'LL POOL 'EM WITH YOURS.

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

AND SO, LABELLE AND FOURNIER GO TO WHITE HORSE, WHERE THEY MEET EACH TRAIN, HOPING TO GET INCOMING PROSPECTORS TO TRAVEL DOWNSTREAM IN THEIR BOAT!

TRAVEL DOWN-
STREAM...CHEAP!
NO STEAMSHIP!



YOU TAKE US
THREE DOWN-
STREAM...
CHEAP?

SURE THING, COUNTRYMAN...
IT WILL BE NICE TO TRAVEL
WITH YOUR OWN KIND...
FRENCH CANADIANS, EH?



THE NEXT DAY, FIVE MEN
LEAVE WHITE HORSE BY BOAT...

WHAT DO
YOU THINK
OF OUR
COUNTRY
HERE?

I LOVE
IT!-- I
COULD
STAY
HERE
FOREVER!

MAYBE
YOU
WILL!



WE STOP FOR
THE NIGHT...
AND GET TO
STEWART IN
THE MORNING!

I DO NOT LIKE
THIS ISLAND. IT
IS IN SO WILD
COUNTRY...



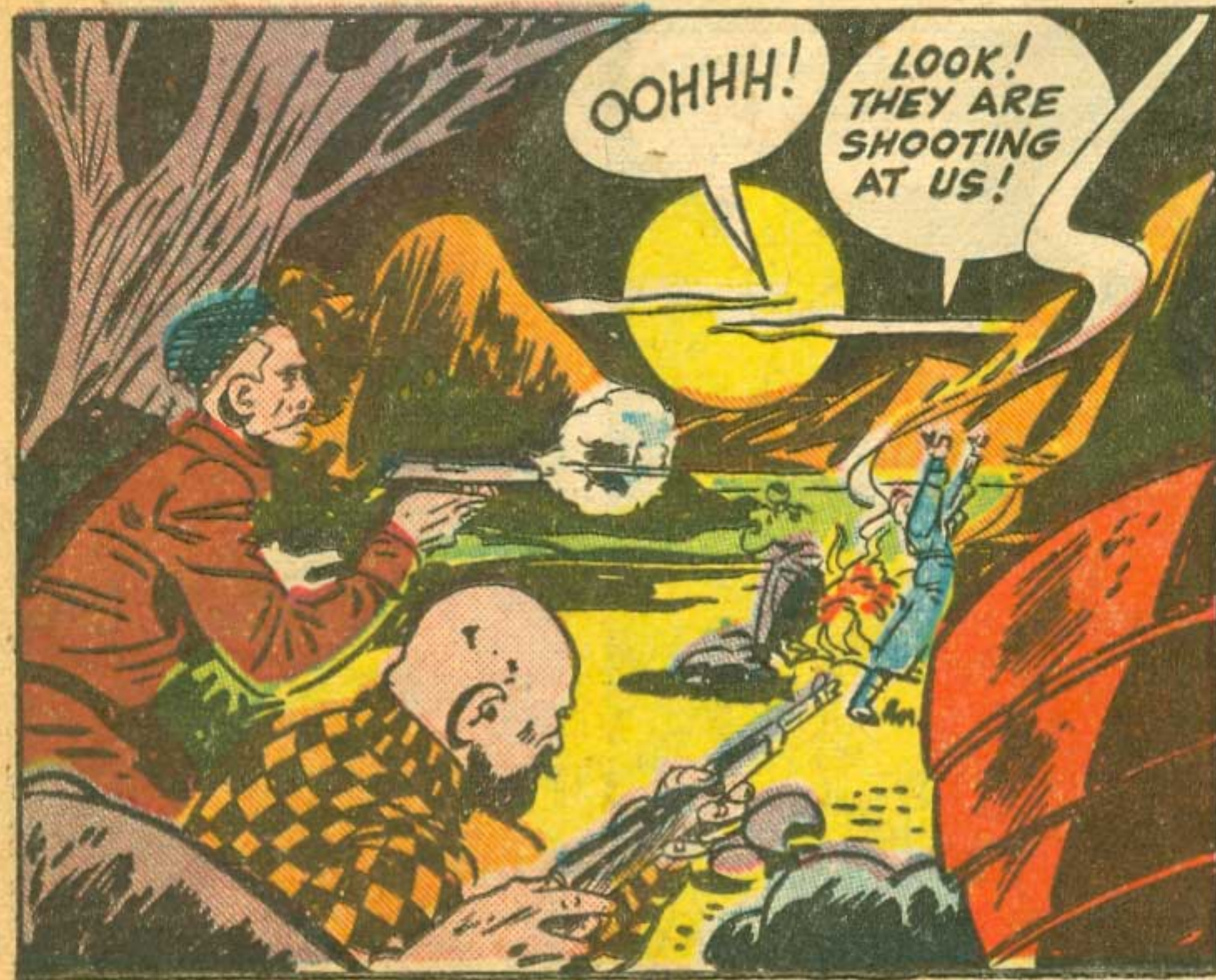
TIME,
FOURNIER!
TAKE
YOUR
GUN AND
LET'S GET
TO WORK.

MAKE SURE
YOU DON'T
MESS THIS UP...
THEY WILL FIGHT
LIKE TIGERS
FOR THEIR
MISERABLE
LIVES!



OOHHH!

LOOK!
THEY ARE
SHOOTING
AT US!



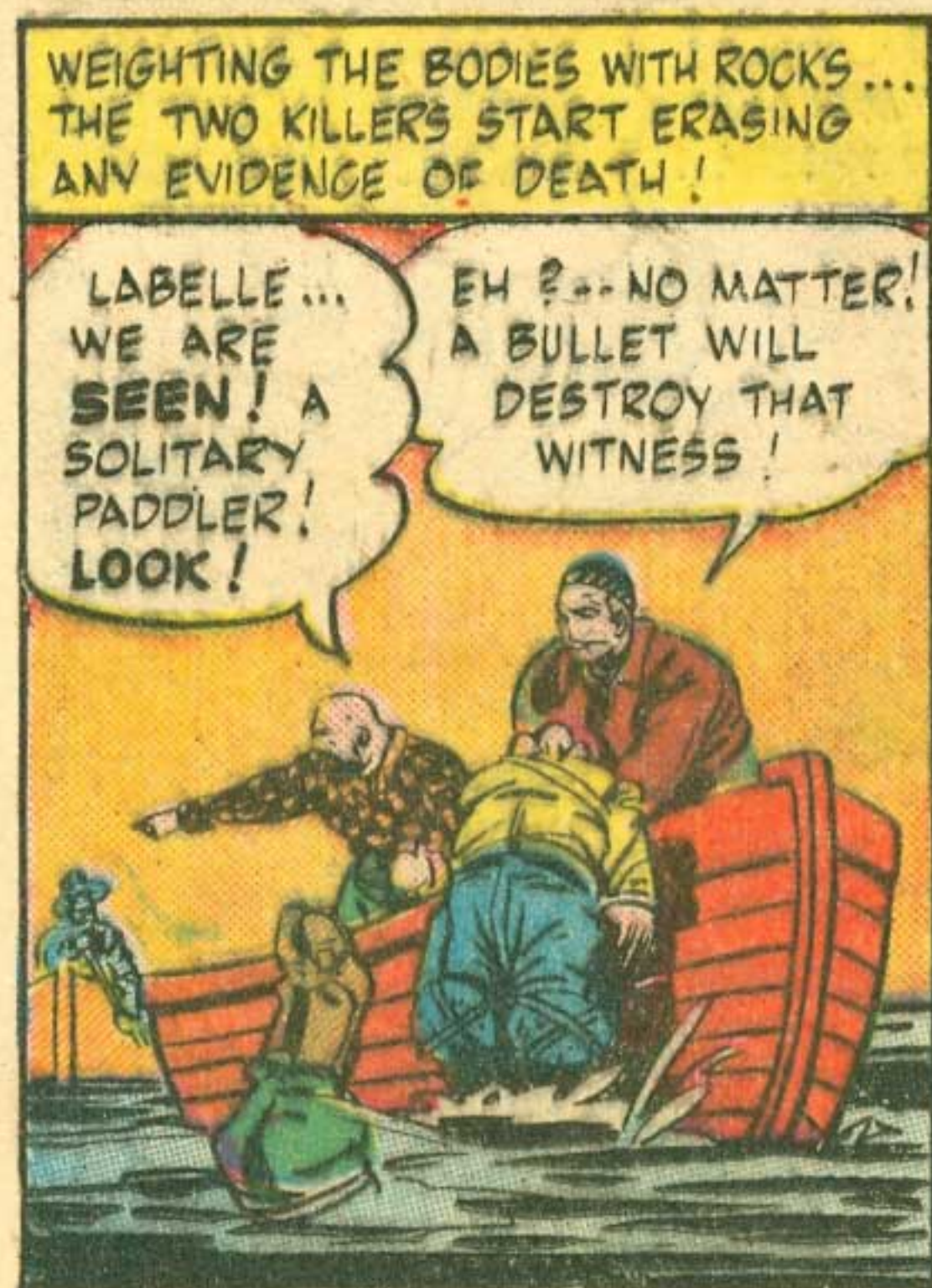
N-NO...NO!
WHAT DID WE
DO TO Y-YOU...
THAT YOU
SHOULD
M-MURDER
US?

YIII...
S-STAY
AWAY!

TAKE AIM,
YOU FOOL!
YOU ARE
FIRING
LIKE A
WOMAN!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

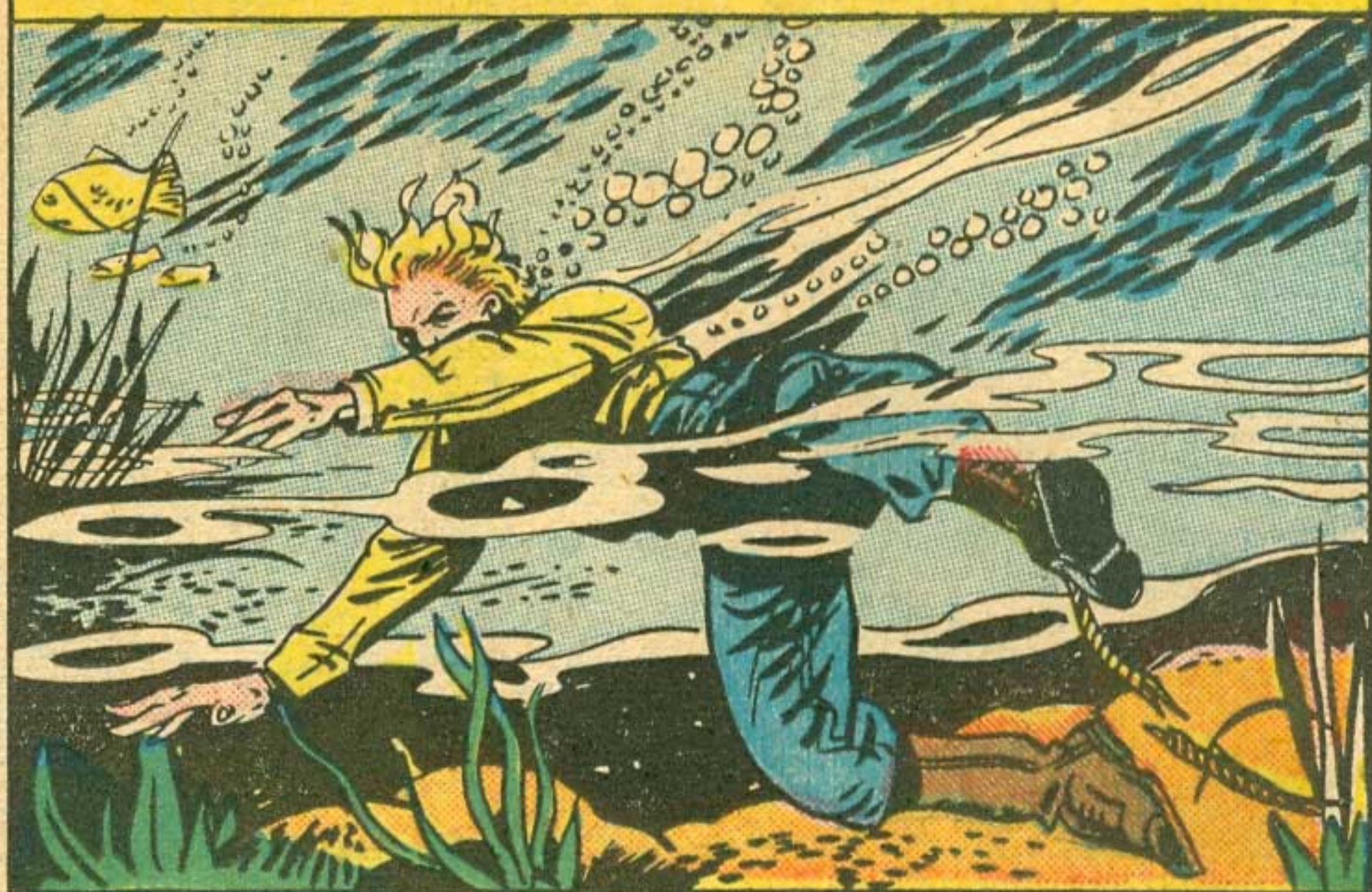
IN STEWART, THAT NIGHT.....

THE DOCTOR SAYS
HE'S BEEN DEAD
FOUR HOURS,
ROUTLEDGE...

THEN HE WAS
MURDERED ABOUT
20 MILES ABOVE
STEWART... ACCORD-
ING TO THE SPEED
OF THE CURRENT..
..WE'RE LEAVING
FOR THERE
TONIGHT!



LUCK DESERTS THE KILLERS AS A SHARP ROCK CUTS THE ROPE
ATTACHED TO ONE OF THE WEIGHTS!



JUST BEFORE DAYLIGHT.....!

ANOTHER
CORPSE, TOMMY!
THIS ONE'S BEEN
WEIGHTED WITH
ROCKS TO
KEEP IT
UNDER
WATER!... BUT
IT CAME UP!



HE'S BEEN
ROBBED ALL RIGHT..
..FRENCH CANADIAN,
TOO... HERE'S HIS
NAME ON THE
KEY TAG:
BOUTHILLETTE!



ABOUT FOUR
OR FIVE MEN
WERE HERE,
ROUTLEDGE,
JUDGING
FROM THE
SIZE OF
THEIR CAMP-
SITE...

HMMMM....
THESE BULLETS
ARE IDENTICAL!
THE ONE IN THE
PADDLER MATCHES
THE ONE FOUND
IN THE WEIGHTED
CORPSE AND
ALSO THE ONE
FOUND NEAR
THIS FIRE,
DOUSED ABOUT
EIGHT HOURS
AGO!



PRETTY BIG
BOAT THEY
USED! THEY
COULDN'T HAVE
PASSED STEWART
WITHOUT BEING
SPOTTED!
THEY MUST'VE
HEADED BACK
TO WHITE HORSE..
..WHERE WE'RE
GOING NOW!

RIGHT
YOU
ARE!...



I WOULDN'T BE A BIT
SURPRISED, TOMMY, IF
THERE ARE AT LEAST
TWO OTHER MEN LYING
UNDER THESE WATERS!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933.

Of *Crime Does Not Pay*, published bi-monthly at New York, New York, for October 1st, 1945.
State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Bella Kimelfeld, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of *Crime Does Not Pay* and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Comic House, Inc., 114 E. 32nd St., New York 16, N. Y.; Editor, Charles Biro, 101 E.

74th St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Bob Wood, 54 E. 56th St., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Bella Kimelfeld, 310 W. 72nd St., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Comic House, Inc., 114 E. 32nd St., New York 16, N. Y.; Leverett S. Gleason, Park Drive, Chappaqua, N. Y.; Bella Kimelfeld, 310 W. 72nd St., New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books

of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given, also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) BELLA KIMELFELD,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of August, 1945.

(Seal) HERMAN PERRY
(My commission expires March 30, 1947.)



Girls Can't Resist this KISS ME NECKTIE as it GLOWS in the DARK!

BY DAY, A LOVELY SWANK
TIE . . . BY NIGHT, A CALL
TO LOVE IN GLOWING
WORDS!



MEN . . . BOYS . . . Now amaze your friends! Surprise and thrill every girl you meet! Be different and the life of the party in any crowd! Here's the most amazing spectacular necktie that you ever wore, a smart wrinkle-proof, tailored cravat, which at night is a thrilling sensation! It's smart, superb class by day, and just imagine in the dark it seems like a necktie of compelling allure sheer magic! Like a miracle of light there comes a pulsing, glowing question—WILL YOU KISS ME IN THE DARK, BABY? Think of the surprise, the awe you will cause! There's no trick, no hidden batteries, no switches or foolish horseplay, but a thing of loveliness as the question emerges gradually to life, touched by the wand of darkness, and your girl will gasp with wonder as it takes form so amazingly. It's new . . . utterly different . . . a Hollywood riot wherever you go. And here's wonderful news! You can see, examine this glorious tie yourself without risk . . . just mail the coupon!

SEND NO MONEY!

Examine . . . Let It Thrill You . . . ON THIS FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Don't confuse this magnificent necktie with any ordinary novelty tie, for it's high class, distinctive, ties up perfectly, and you'll wear it with pride. Its color combination is specially created and so original that you actually can wear it tastefully with any suit. It's wrinkle-proof, beautifully fashioned. You might expect to pay \$2.00 or even \$3.00 for this cravat just for daytime wear. But now, if you act quick, under this special **INTRODUCTORY OFFER**, you will have this marvelous, breath-taking **GLOW IN THE DARK** sensation for only \$1.49! That's all, just \$1.49, a bargain in quality, and a million dollars worth of fun at any party, or in any crowd, an aid to love! Send no money, here's all you do. Mail coupon with your name and address. On arrival of your **GLOWING KISS ME NECKTIE**, you simply pay postman \$1.49, plus postage. (If money comes with order, we pay postage.) Then examine. See how it excites and thrills. And, if you are not delighted, if you are not eager to wear it, just return it for your money back promptly. Isn't that a fair, generous offer? Then act at once. Don't wait. Mail the coupon now!

MAIL THIS NO-RISK COUPON NOW!

GLOW IN THE DARK NECKTIE CO.

215 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 265-K Chicago 1, Illinois

Rush me my **KISS ME NECKTIE** that glows in the dark. I will pay postman \$1.49 plus postage with your positive assurance I will be delighted or return tie for full refund.

If you want 3 Kiss Me Neckties for \$4.22 . . . Check here ☐

If you want one Glowing Gorgeous Pin-Up Girl Necktie for \$1.49. Check here ☐

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

A
SMART
TIE BY DAY



AT
NIGHT
A MAGIC
TIE



IT'S NOVEL,
DIFFERENT
BARRELS
OF **FUN!**

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

A
TRUE
STORY

Crime Does Not Pay presents

THE DEVIL of DRESDEN

Drawn By JACK ALDERMAN



THE MAD CRIMINAL CAREER OF ALEXANDER THOMAS, DRESDEN, GERMANY—MERE WORDS ARE TOO WEAK TO DESCRIBE THE HORROR OF THIS MAN'S CRIMES...

IN DRESDEN IN 1870 THOMAS WAS A JOLLY CLUB MAN... NONE SUSPECTED THE BLACKNESS OF HIS HEART...

THOMAS, YOU'RE A GREAT JESTER. I SUPPOSE YOU ENTERTAIN YOUR WIFE WELL!

I THINK NOT—IN FACT, SHE'S RATHER BORED WITH ME AND MY JOKES!

YOUR WIFE IS HERE, MR. THOMAS!

SEE, THERE SHE IS NOW! NEVER GIVES ME A MOMENT'S PEACE!

HO! HO! AREN'T YOU THE FAMILY MAN!

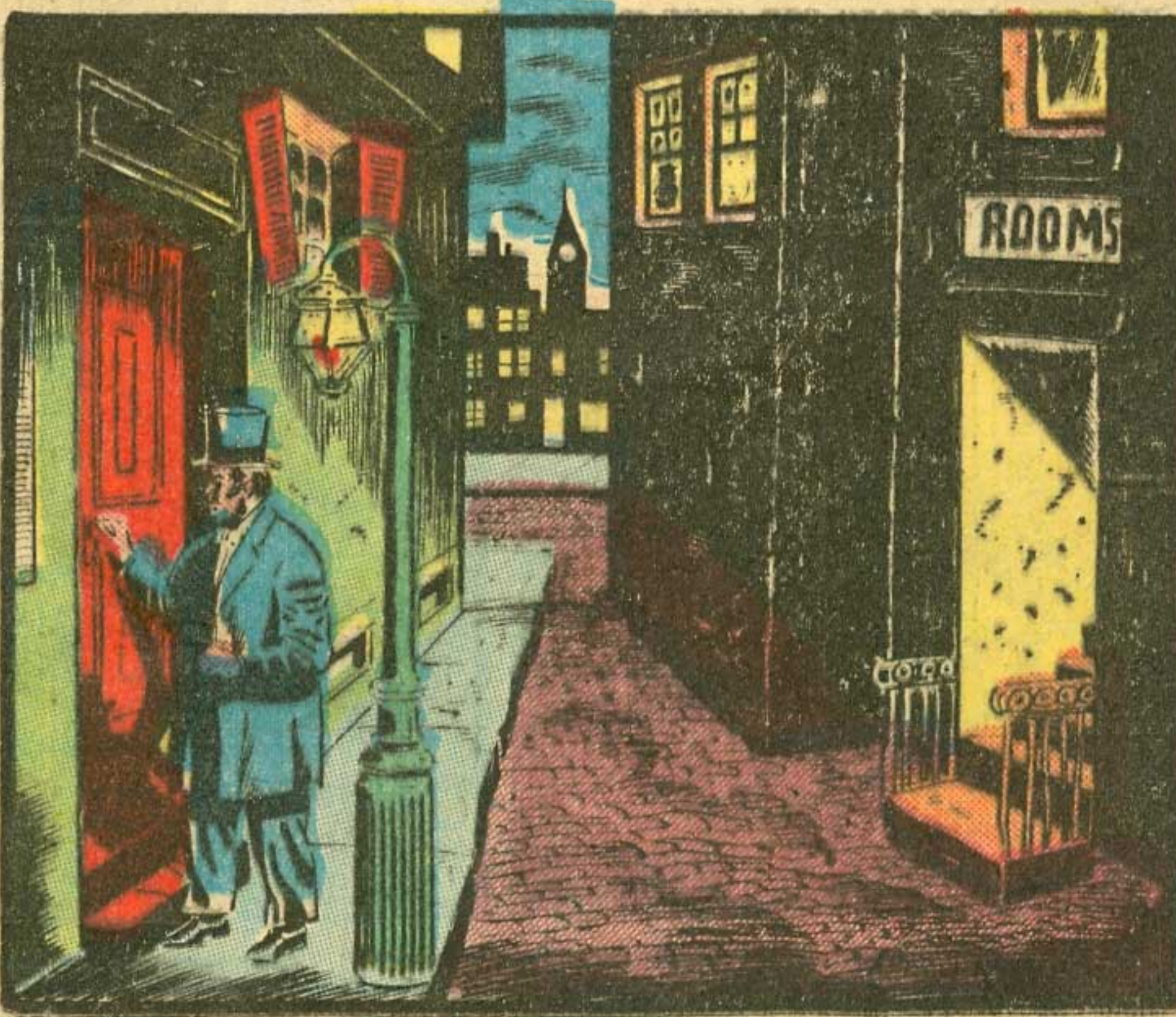


CRIME DOES NOT PAY

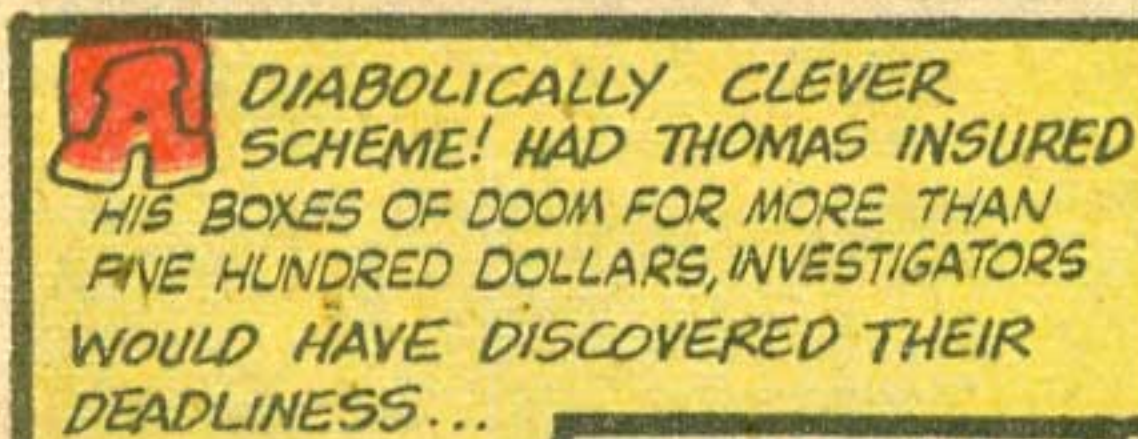
YES, FROM ALL OUTSIDE APPEARANCES THOMAS WAS A JOLLY, HOME LOVING FAMILY MAN....



NONE SUSPECTED THE BLACK SECRET HE HELD IN HIS HEART....



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

NEXT DAY...

OH, DEAR ALEXANDER! ANOTHER SHIP HAS DISAPPEARED AND THEY FOUND WRECKAGE OFF THE COAST!

TSK! TSK! FRIGHTFUL THE WAY THEY'VE BEEN DISAPPEARING THESE DAYS!

DAILY GLOBE
ANOTHER SHIP SUNK ON HIGH SEAS

AND YOU DO SO MUCH SHIPPING IN YOUR BUSINESS. YOU MUST LOSE A GOOD DEAL. BUT OF COURSE WE SHOULD FIRST THINK OF THE MANY LIVES LOST!

AH, YES, OF COURSE, MY DEAR. WELL, I MUST BE RUNNING ALONG!

GET YOUR PAPER! LLOYD'S ANNOUNCES ANOTHER SHIP HAS MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED!

JONES, I WANT YOU TO GO RIGHT AHEAD AND MAKE ME AS MANY CASES AS YOU CAN... I'LL TAKE THEM ALL...

YES SIR!

BUT AS THOMAS SET BACK AND GLEEFULLY COLLECTED THE INSURANCE CHECKS WHEN THEY CAME IN, FATE WAS MOVING UP ON HIM....

IT WAS DECEMBER 11TH, 1875, THAT THOMAS MADE A TRIP TO BREMEN TO SEE ONE OF HIS PACKAGES OFF ON THE 'MOSEL'....

OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING!

AH, MR. THOMAS, WON'T YOU JOIN ME IN A DRINK?

WONDERFUL!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

I ENJOY COMING TO THE DOCKS AND WATCHING THEM LOAD THESE GREAT BOATS!

I TOO SHARE YOUR ENJOYMENT! IT IS INDEED A SIGHT!

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THE MANY SHIP DISAPPEARANCES? IT SEEMS THAT AT LEAST THERE SHOULD BE SOME SURVIVORS!

ONE CAN NEVER TELL! THERE IS MUCH UNKNOWN OF THE WATER YET!



THAT IS TRUE BUT WE HAVE NEVER HAD SO MANY BEFORE AND NONE LIVE TO TELL OF WHAT HAPPENED!

FATE! MY FRIEND... FATE!



AND THIS VERY FATE THOMAS SPOKE OF WAS CREEPING CLOSER FOR AT THIS MOMENT HIS BOX OF DEATH WAS BEING LOADED....

WHAT IS IT? DO YOU SEE SOMETHING OF PARTICULAR INTEREST!

NO! NO! I WAS JUST OBSERVING THINGS IN GENERAL!



HIGHER AND HIGHER WENT THOMAS CRATE UP BY THE HOIST....



THEN SUDDENLY A LINE PARTED... THEN ANOTHER... AND ANOTHER...

HI THERE, LOOK OUT! SHE'S FALLIN'!



TERROR STRICKEN, THOMAS LEAPED TO HIS FEET AND KICKED OVER THE TABLE...



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

AT BREMEN THAT DAY OVER TWO HUNDRED PEOPLE DIED FROM THE GIGANTIC EXPLOSION THAT SMASHED WINDOWS A HALF MILE AWAY....



AND WHEN THOMAS' FRIEND LOOKED UP FROM THE FLOOR WHERE HE HAD BEEN BLOWN....



THOMAS LIVED FOR A FEW HOURS BUT IT TOOK AN INVESTIGATION TO REVEAL THE FULL EXTENT OF HIS CRIMES!

WON'T SAY A WORD....
THE SWINE!



IT WAS LATER DISCOVERED THOMAS HAD TWENTY MORE BOXES READY TO SHIP. FOR EACH DOLLAR HE RECEIVED FROM THE INSURANCE COMPANY A LIFE WAS LOST... ALEXANDER THOMAS WAS TRULY ONE OF THE WORLD'S WORST CRIMINALS



WHY IS DAREDEVIL THE MOST WIDELY READ MAGAZINE OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD??

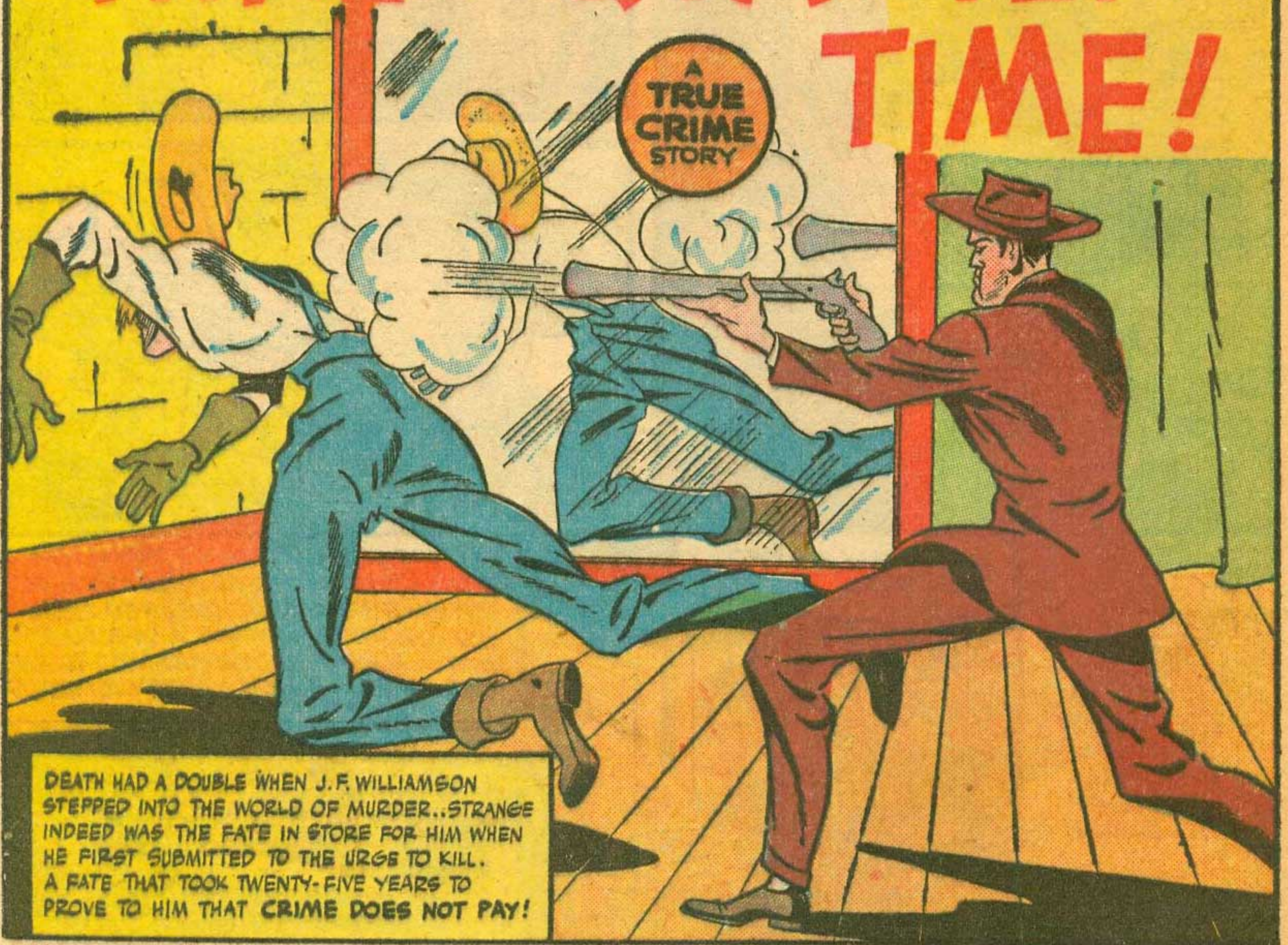
Because—

- 1-IT APPEALS TO ALL AGE GROUPS FROM ONE TO ONE HUNDRED!
- 2-THE INIMITABLE ORIGINALITY OF ITS STORIES!
- 3-THE INCOMPARABLE QUALITY STANDARD OF ITS ART WORK!
- 4-THE CAREFUL ATTENTION PAID TO DETAIL AND LOGIC!
- 5-ACCORDING TO OUR BEST ESTIMATES, IT HAS BY FAR THE GREATEST TRADING VALUE!
- 6-THE GREATEST NAME IN COMICS IS NOT MERELY A PHRASE...

...IT'S A FACT!

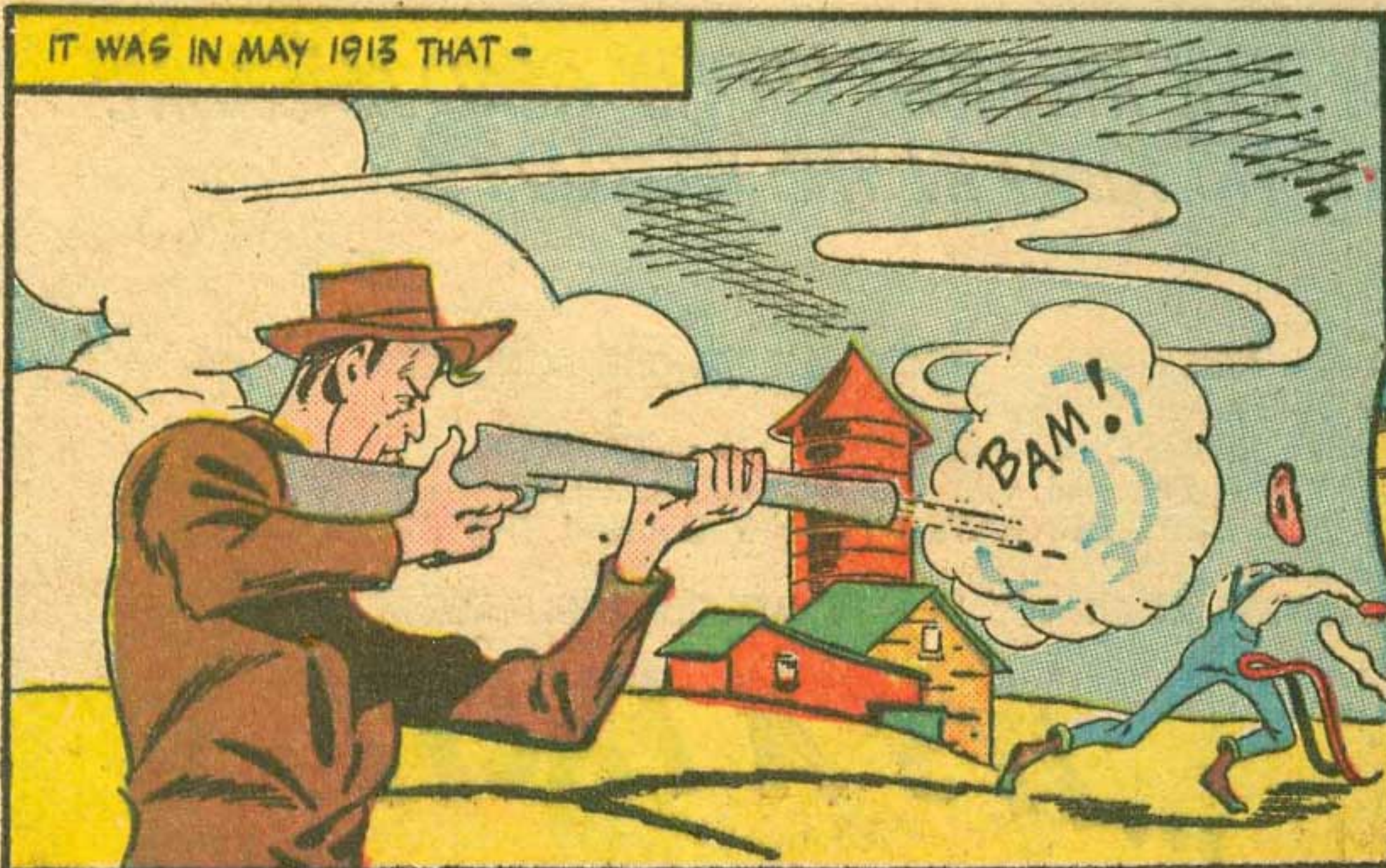
CRIME DOES NOT PAY

TWO CRIMES IN THREE-QUARTER TIME!

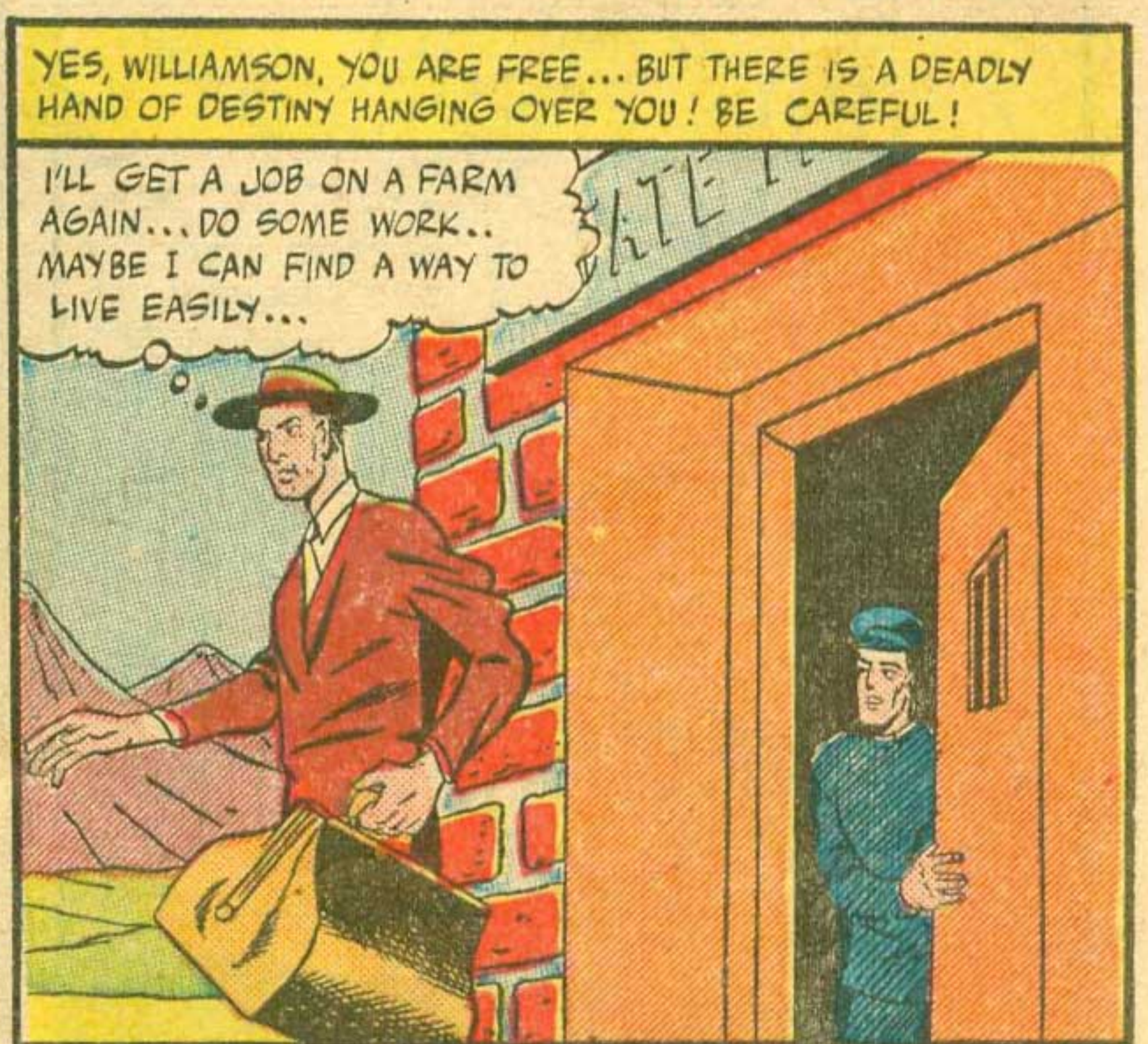


DEATH HAD A DOUBLE WHEN J. F. WILLIAMSON STEPPED INTO THE WORLD OF MURDER..STRANGE INDEED WAS THE FATE IN STORE FOR HIM WHEN HE FIRST SUBMITTED TO THE URGES TO KILL. A FATE THAT TOOK TWENTY-FIVE YEARS TO PROVE TO HIM THAT CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

IT WAS IN MAY 1913 THAT -



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



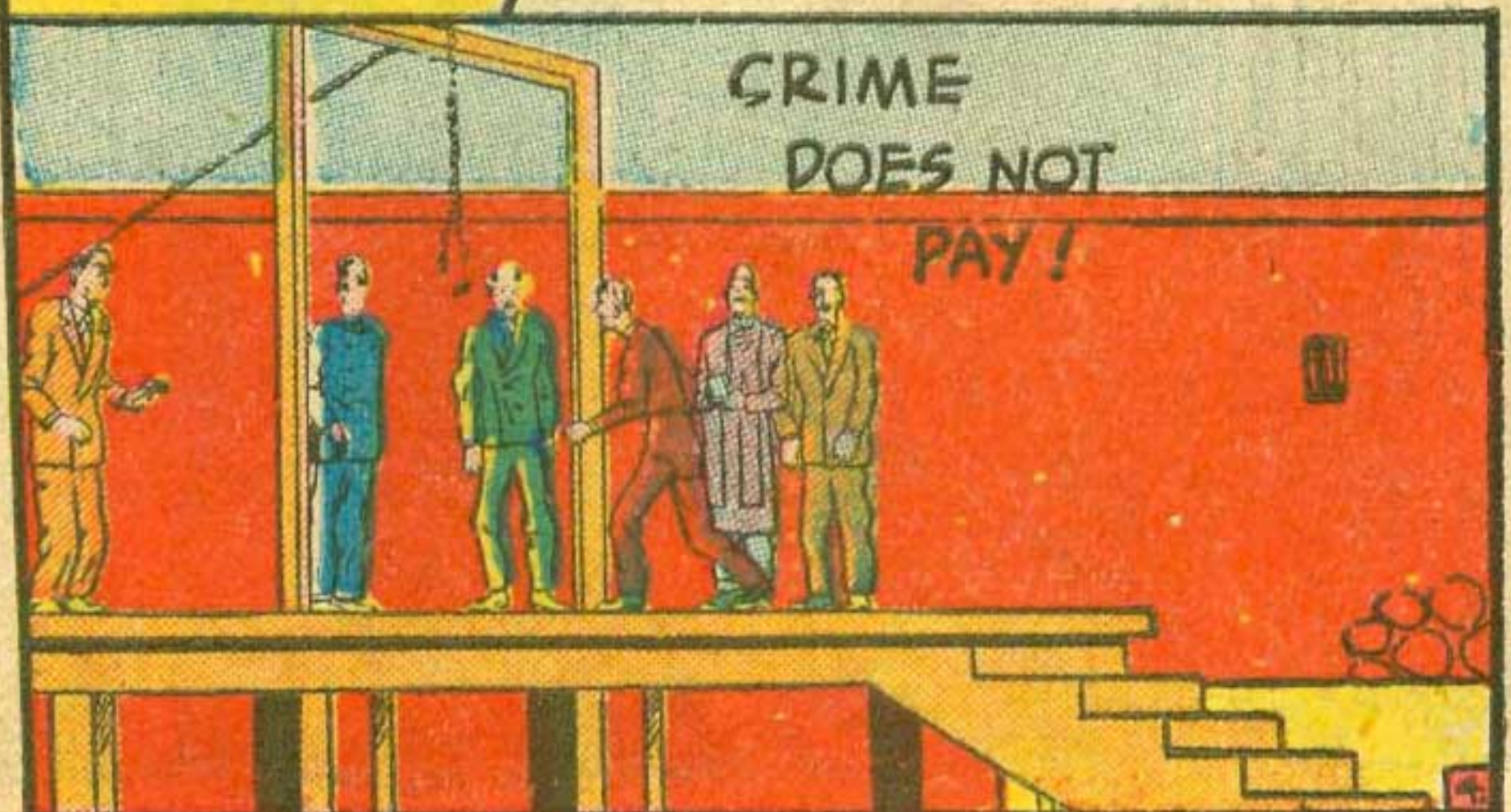
THUS IT WAS, THAT WILLIAMSON, WITH THE WRONG SPIRIT IN HIS HEART, WENT TO ST. GENEVIE IN THE FOOTHILLS OF THE OZARKS.



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

WHODUNNIT

"DEATH ON THE TRACKS" MYSTERY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

HIS NAME WAS RONALD BRADLEY, JONES... YOUNG HEIR TO THE BRADLEY MILLIONS.

HM...M...WHERE WAS HE GOING, CHIEF? WHAT DID HIS TICKET READ?



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR JONES DISCUSSES THE CASE WITH CHIEF RYAN.

HE DIDN'T HAVE A TICKET! WONDER HOW HE COULD HAVE FALLEN OUT OF THAT WHITE PLAINS TRAIN! MAYBE HE WAS PUSHED! I WANT TO CHECK EVERY TRAIN THAT PULLED THROUGH THAT STATION FROM TEN TO ELEVEN LAST NIGHT!



WE'VE CHECKED EVERY TRAIN GOING THROUGH AT THAT HOUR. THE CONDUCTORS REMEMBER NO SCENE OF VIOLENCE AND EVERYTHING WENT ON AS USUAL.

I SEE, NEVER THE LESS I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE THEM MYSELF.



YOU SAY THERE WERE NO SIGNS OF ANY DOOR BEING FORCED OPEN.

NO SIR... NOT A THING. HE MUST HAVE FALLEN OFF OF THE REAR PLATFORM... OR BETWEEN THE CARS.



HMMM...YES HE COULD HAVE FALLEN... BUT HIS BODY WOULD HAVE LANDED NEARER TO THE TRACK.

MAYBE HE LEAPED OUT?



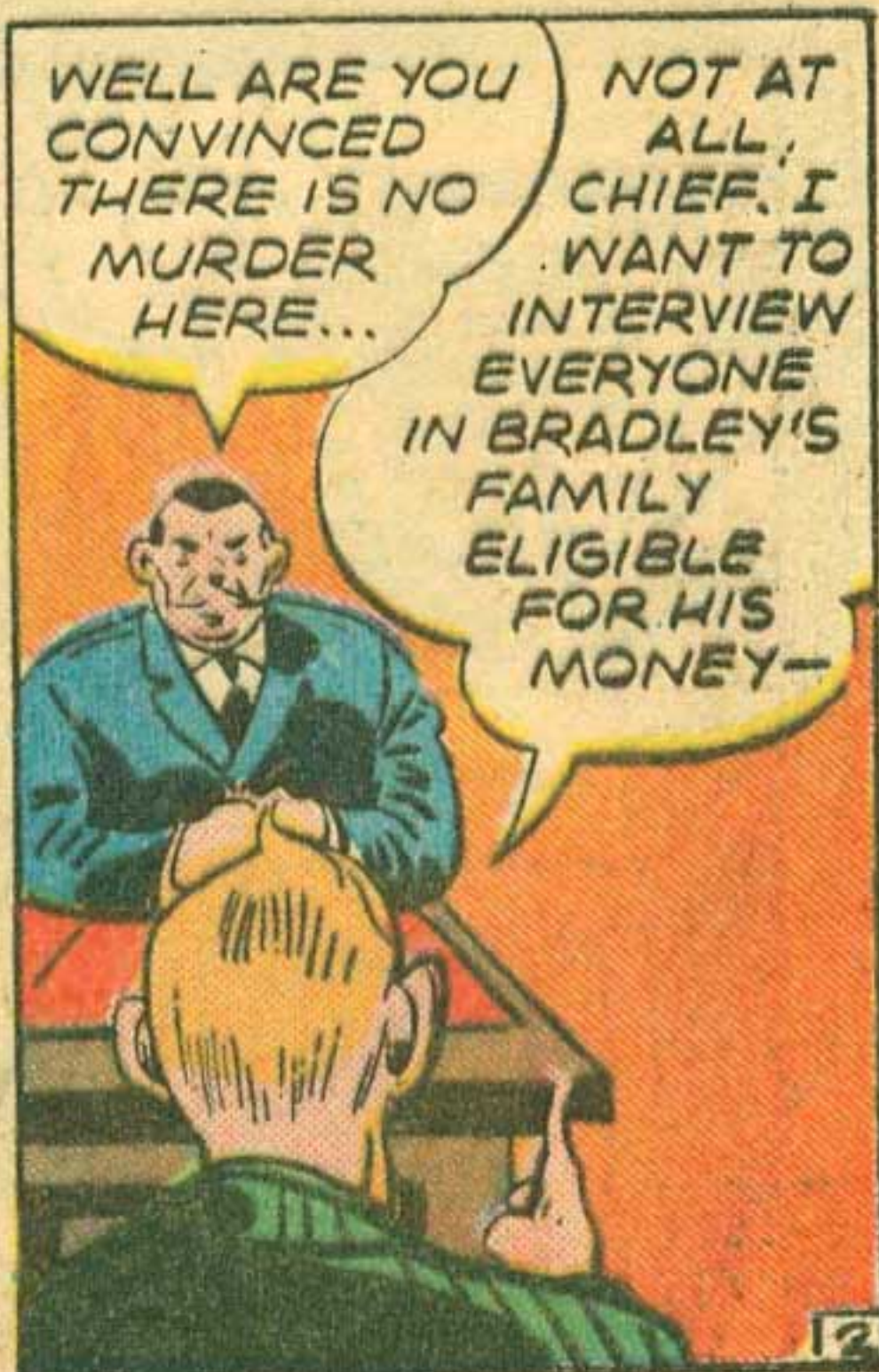
MY DEAR FRIEND, A YOUTH JUST INHERITING FOUR MILLION DOLLARS DOES NOT LEAP FROM THE REAR OF A TRAIN... PARTICULARLY A TRAIN WHICH HE DOES NOT EVEN HAVE A TICKET TO RIDE ON...

?



WELL ARE YOU CONVINCED THERE IS NO MURDER HERE...

NOT AT ALL, CHIEF. I WANT TO INTERVIEW EVERYONE IN BRADLEY'S FAMILY ELIGIBLE FOR HIS MONEY—



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

BRADLEY'S BROTHER, ROBERT.

I HAVE NO IDEA WHO WOULD KILL RONALD! EVERYBODY LIKED HIM.



MRS. HANNA, BRADLEY'S AUNT.

OH, DEAR, DEAR... RONALD RECEIVED ALL OF MY FATHER'S FORTUNE... HE WAS THE FAVORITE BUT WE WEREN'T JEALOUS OF IT.

I SEE.



RUTH BRADLEY, SISTER.

I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU WILL NOW INHERIT THE FOUR MILLION FROM YOUR BROTHER, MISS BRADLEY.

SOB YES... BUT I DON'T WANT IT.. NOT IF RONALD HAD TO DIE FOR ME TO HAVE IT..



JONATHAN BRADLEY - UNCLE AND ATTORNEY.

IT IS A SHAME... A SHAME... MONEY SEEMS TO BRING TROUBLE WITH IT... I HOPE POOR RUTH WILL HAVE BETTER FORTUNE WITH THE MONEY.

YOU'RE THE EXECUTOR OF THE WILL, AREN'T YOU, MR. BRADLEY. TELL ME... WHAT SORT OF A GIRL IS RUTH?



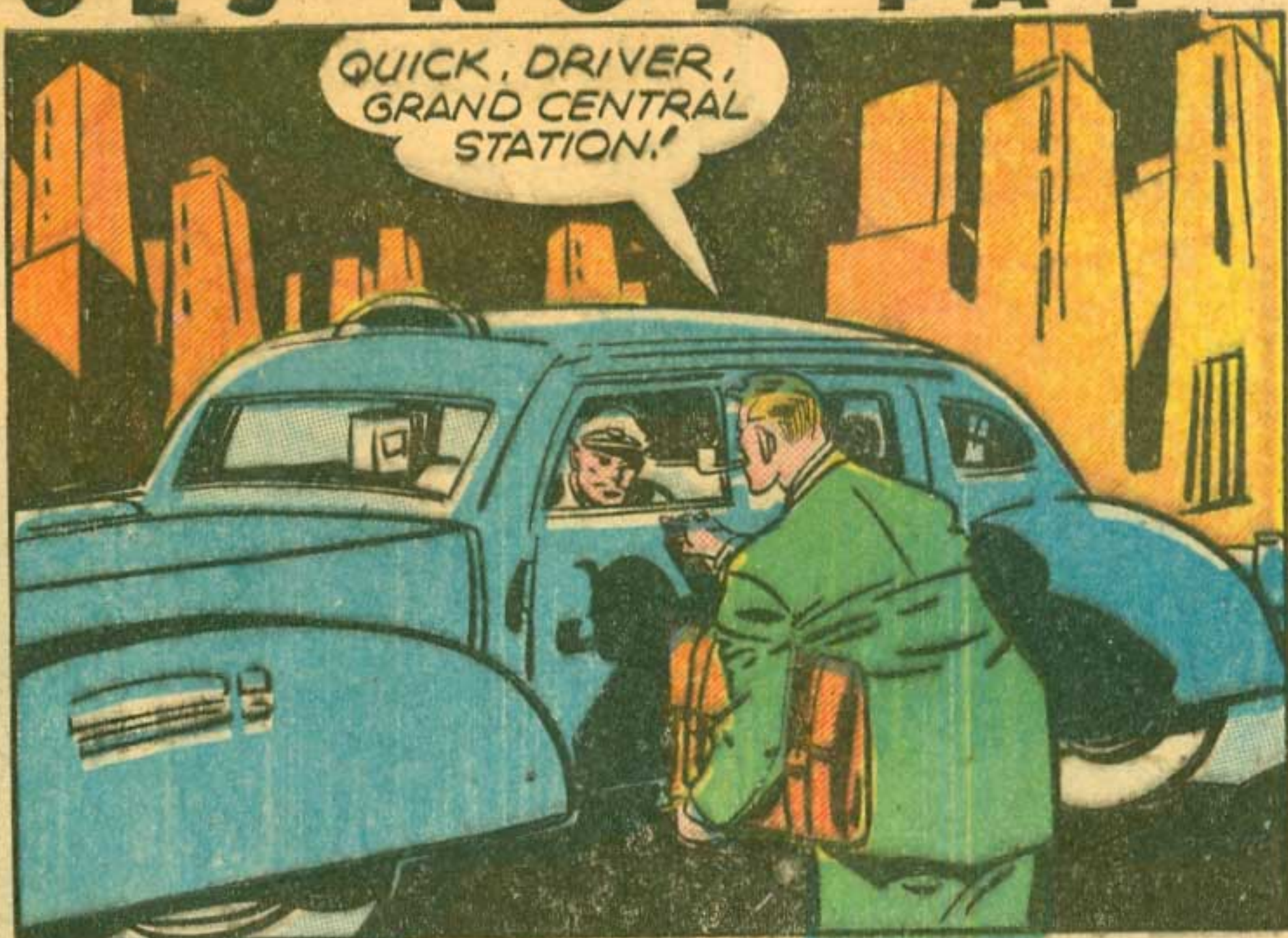
A FINE GIRL, MR. JONES... A FINE GIRL, INDEED, NONE BETTER.



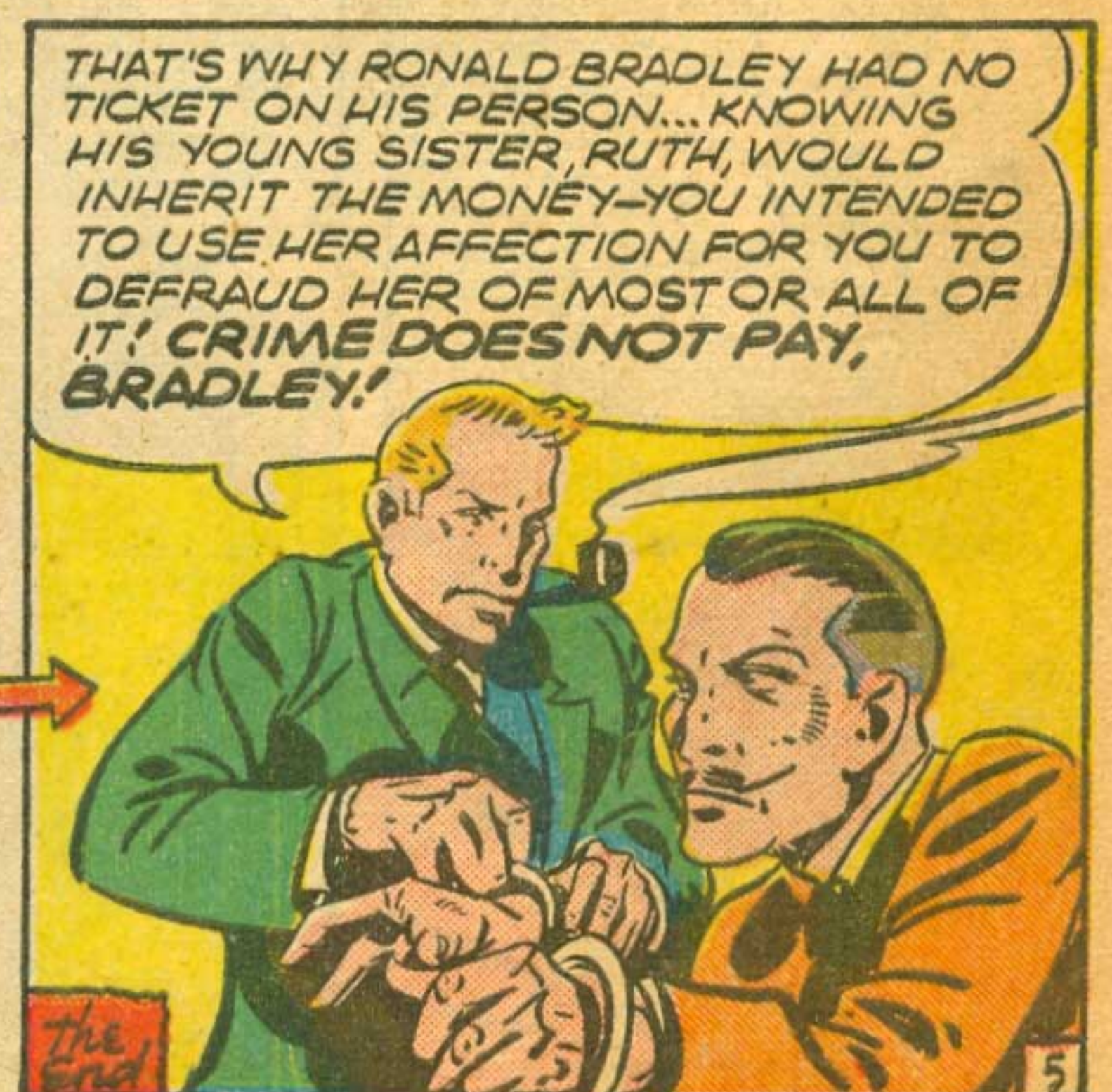
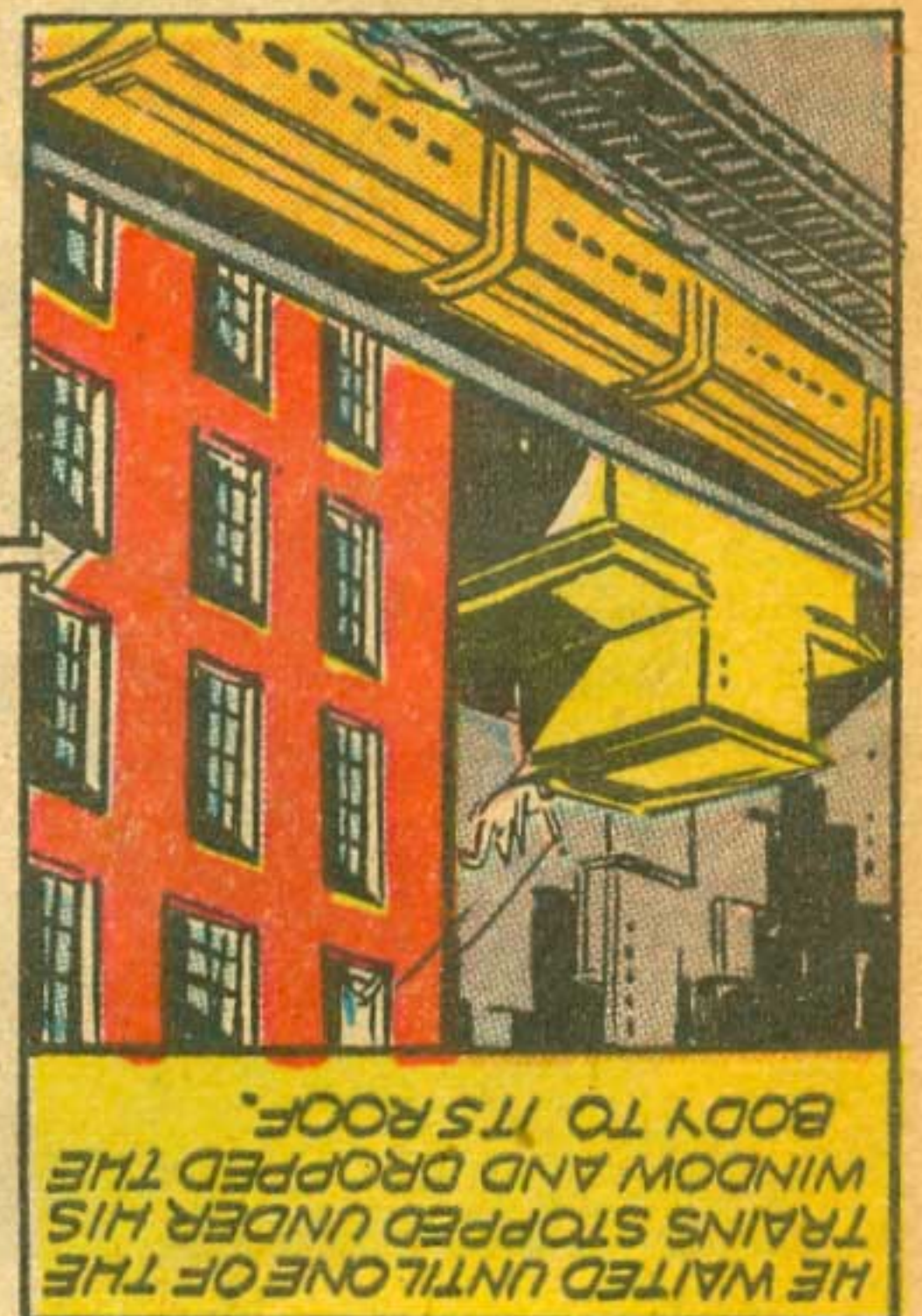
THEY ALL SEEM ON THE LEVEL... BUT I STILL FEEL THIS WAS MURDER ...BUT HOW...HOW...



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



Here's the Greatest BILLFOLD BARGAIN in all America!

3 BIG VALUES in ONE

All for only
\$2.98

★ SMART ZIPPER LEATHER BILLFOLD AND PASS CASE

★ BUILT-IN CHANGE PURSE

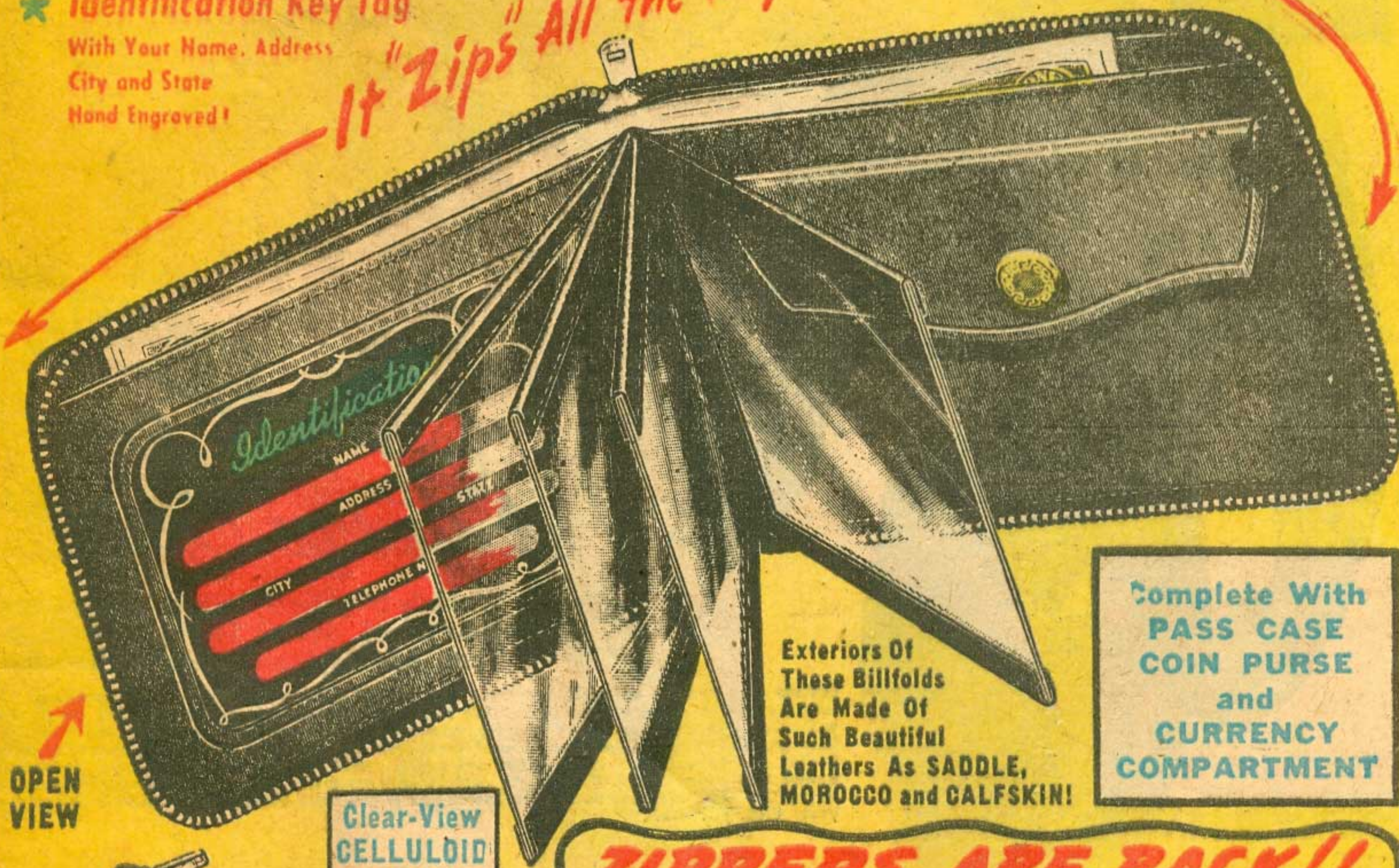
★ Identification Key Tag

With Your Name, Address

City and State

Hand Engraved!

It "Zips" All the Way Around



OPEN
VIEW

Clear-View
CELLULOID
WINDOWS

Exteriors Of
These Billfolds
Are Made Of
Such Beautiful
Leathers As SADDLE,
MOROCCO and CALFSKIN!

Complete With
PASS CASE
COIN PURSE
and
CURRENCY
COMPARTMENT

ZIPPERS ARE BACK!!

At Last! Here's the Billfold you've been waiting for since Pearl Harbor. Here's the Billfold most wanted by men everywhere—now for the first time offered at a price that's sensationally low for a Billfold of such unmistakable fine quality. You've never known real Billfold satisfaction until you've used this "Zip-all-around" DeLuxe Pass Case Billfold with its Built-in Change Purse and roomy Currency Compartment. When closed it's as neat and safe a Billfold as you've ever seen. Shake it all you want and nothing can fall out. Slips easily into your back pocket or coat and will not bulge out of shape. Yet when you want to get at it, the Billfold "Zips open all the way"—so that everything you carry is in full plain view, ready for instant use. No guess-work. No fumbling into tight corners to get at valuables.

Here without a doubt is the last word in a real man's Billfold. A veritable storehouse for everything a man likes to carry with him—his currency, his change, his credit and membership cards, his personal identification. Along with the all around Zipper Billfold and Change Purse, we also include a hand engraved Identification Key Tag as shown. You get the 3 Big Values in one as described all for only \$2.98. But hurry. SEND NO MONEY. Just rush your order on the handy coupon below today. On arrival, pay postman only \$2.98 plus 20% tax and postage with understanding that if this isn't the greatest Billfold Bargain you've ever seen, you can return in 10 days for full refund.



CLOSED
VIEW

Hand Engraved Identification Key Tag
Included With Every Zipper Billfold!



We also send you this beautiful 3-color identification key tag, hand engraved with your full name, address, city and state. It's the ideal key tag. Provides ample room for all your keys with your permanent identification for recovery in case of loss.

SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON TODAY!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 4364-A
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

☐ Please rush me the "All-around" Zipper Pass Case Billfold with Built-in Change Purse and hand engraved Identification Key Tag. On arrival I will pay postman only \$2.98 plus 20% Federal Tax and few cents postage and C.O.D. Charges. It is understood that if I am not positively thrilled and delighted in every way I can return the billfold within 10 days for full refund.

MY FULL NAME _____
(PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

☐ To save shipping charges I am enclosing in advance \$2.98 plus 20% Federal Excise tax (total \$3.58). Please ship my Zipper Billfold order all postage charges prepaid.

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*"In 10 minutes a day---in your own home
let me **REBUILD YOUR**
ARMS, CHEST, BACK, LEGS and GRIP!
let me make*

**YOU
TOUGH as a
MARINE**
from head to toe... COMPLETE!
*Says
George F. Jowett*

**World's Mightiest Builder of Men and
Holder of More Strength Records
Than Any Living Athlete or Teacher**

READ:—

What these one-time
weaklings say about this
amazing man JOWETT:—

**100-lb. Weakling to
Man of Might**

"I weighed less than 100
lbs., but I achieved power,
strength, health and a mighty
body and build by following
Jowett methods."

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Becomes 180-lb. Giant

"I began with Jowett when
I was little more than 125.
I developed my chest from
33" to 44" and my biceps
from 12½ to 16" I'm for
Jowett."

Fred Jergenson

Gained 40 Mighty Pounds

"I had an injury requiring
20 stitches when I started on
the Jowett method. I'm fully
recovered, my body is a Power
House and I can lick my weight
in Wildcats."

Sam Lupo

**Becomes Strong Man
Model**

"I was skinny, long and lanky,
less than 130 lbs. Now I'm a
200-lb. Artists' Model and
powerfully developed in every
way, thanks to Jowett."

Ralph Shatz

Let me give you the astonishing secrets that rebuilt me from a skinny, sickly wreck at 15 into the holder of more strength records than any other athlete or teacher. Let me do for you what I've done for myself and for thousands of men and boys, many of whom tell me how grateful they are because I saved them from the shame of their poor, scrawny, puny bodies and gave them instead might and power, vital strength and health; big, handsome bodies they were proud of. Give me Just 10 Minutes a Day and let my Proven Progressive Power Method Pack your Body with Power and Might, with Solid Walls of Muscle to replace your Flabby Flesh!

**You'll Gain INCHES and POUNDS of Steel Spring
Muscle . . . or I Don't Want a Cent of Your Money!**

The Astonishing Professional Secrets revealed in Jowett's World Famous PROGRESSIVE POWER METHOD have re-made thousands of scrawny weaklings and lightweights into Big, Husky He-Men of Might and Muscle. Build and Power. Let me prove to YOU that you can put inches of dynamic muscles on your arms! Add inches to your chest! Broaden your shoulders and power-pack the rest of your body. I want to do for you what I've done for thousands the

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Let me build your whole body into meat and muscle; make you every inch a big powerful he-man for men and women to admire. Mail coupon now!

SEND NOW FOR THESE FAMOUS COURSES (in Book Form)

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**BOTH
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Send all 5 C.O.D. (1¢ plus postage) No orders less than \$1 sent C.O.D.

NAME _____ Age _____
(Please Print Plainly Include Zone Number)

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YOU, TOO, CAN BUILD YOURSELF A MIGHTY BODY!

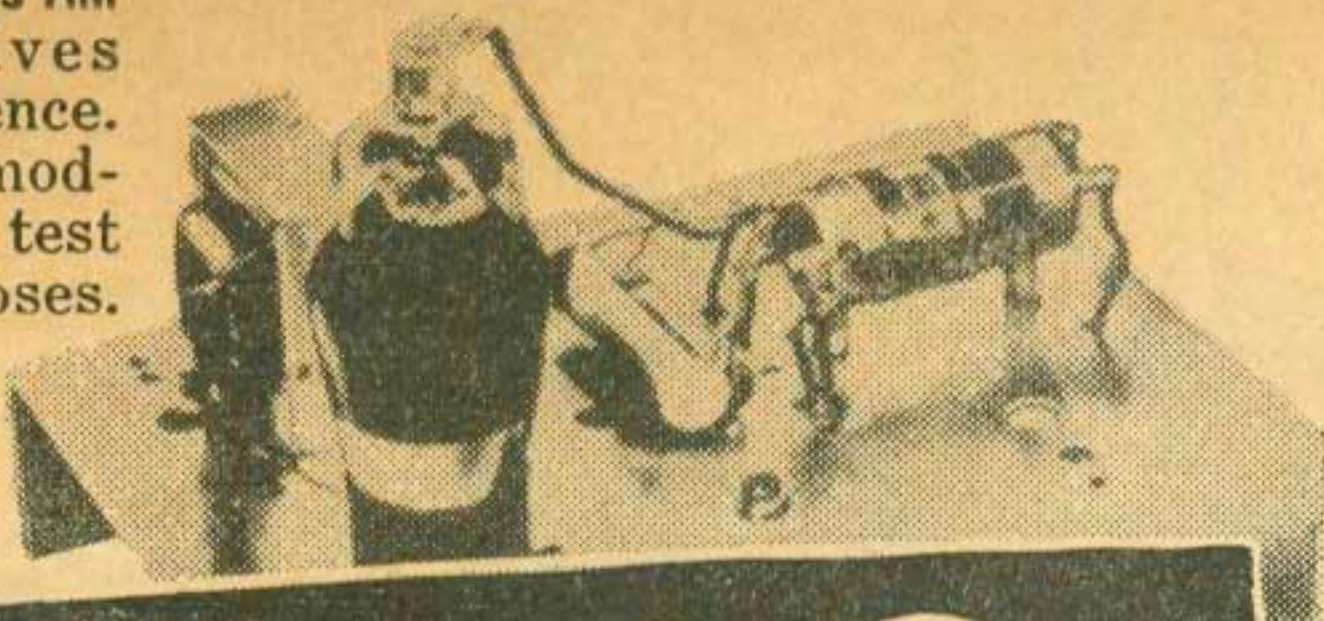
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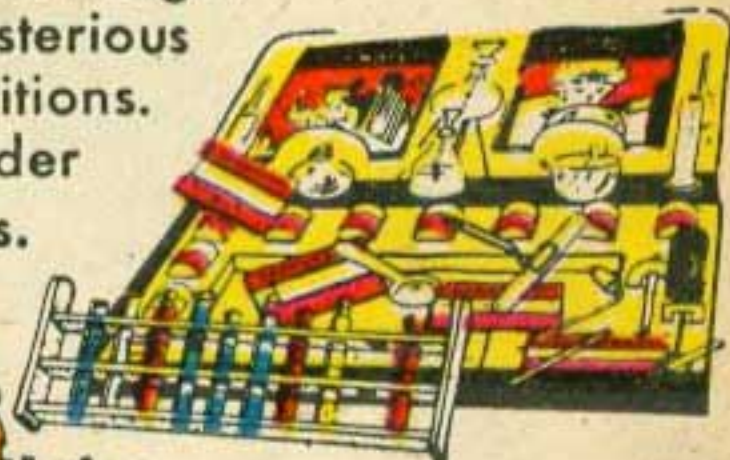
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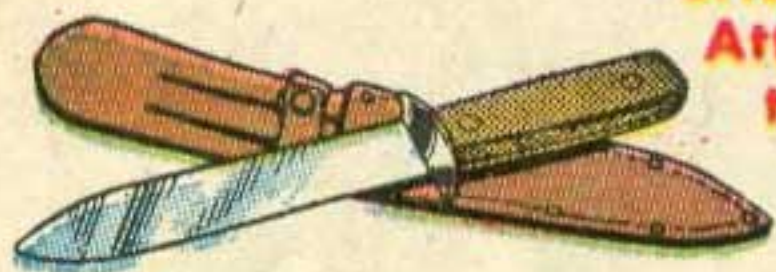


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Color-Illustrated **FAMILY BIBLE**

with your name in gold on the cover. Sell only one order.

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matching Automat Pencil. Given for selling one order.

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PEARL NECKLACES or other jewelry. Your choice for selling only one order.

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for Men and Boys. Your name in gold.

SELL ONE ORDER for either wallet.



"AMERICAN LADY" WALLET

Smartly-styled, two-toned, 7 compartment billfold.

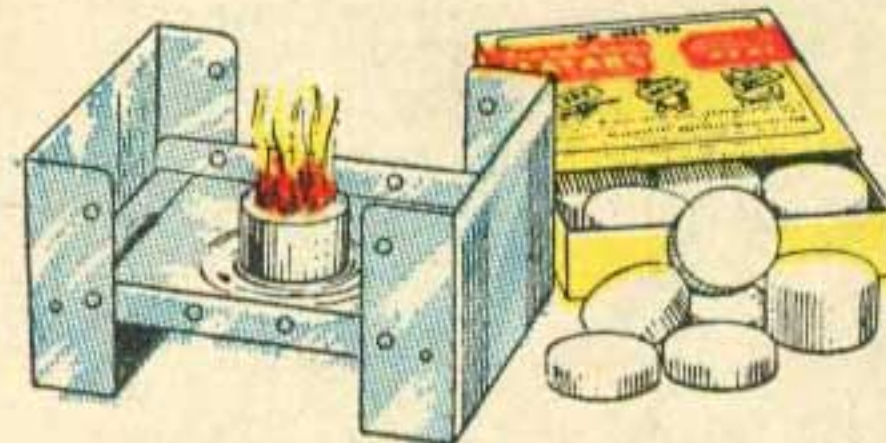
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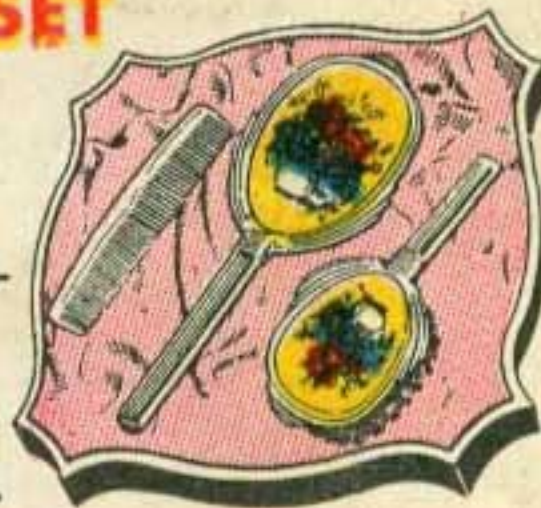


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Pocket size folding stove and package of Heatabs for camp cooking, etc. All for selling one order

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Boys! Here's a husky axe of regulation size, in a leather sheath. Sell only one order of Seeds.

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GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

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SEND NO MONEY — WE TRUST YOU
AMERICAN SEED CO., INC., DEPT. 509, LANCASTER, PA.

**AMERICAN SEED CO., INC.,
DEPT. 509 LANCASTER, PA.**

Please send the BIG PRIZE BOOK and 40 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will resell them at 10c each and send you the money promptly, and get my prize.

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